

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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POETRY.

A FLORENTINE CARNIVAL SONG OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, 450	"SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH," 450
SONNET, 450	FAREWELL, 450

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A FLORENTINE CARNIVAL SONG OF THE
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

COMPOSED BY ANTONIO ALAMANNI,

AND SUNG BY A COMPANY OF MASQUERS, HABITED AS
SKELETONS, ON A CAR OF DEATH DESIGNED BY PIERO
DI COSIMO.

SORROW, tears, and penitence
Are our doom of pain for aye :
This dead concourse riding by
Hath no cry but penitence !

E'en as you are, once were we :
You shall be as now we are :
We are dead men, as you see :
We shall see you dead men, where
Nought avails to take great care,
After sins, of penitence.

We too in the Carnival
Sang our love-songs through the town ;
Thus from sin to sin we all
Headlong, heedless, tumbled down :
Now we cry, the world around,
Penitence ! oh, penitence !

Senseless, blind, and stubborn fools !
Time steals all things as he rides :
Honors, glories, states, and schools,
Pass away, and nought abides ;
Till the tomb our carcase hides,
And compels this penitence.

This sharp scythe you see us bear,
Brings the world at length to woe :
But from life to life we fare ;
And that life is joy or woe :
All heaven's bliss on him doth flow
Who on earth does penitence.

Living here, we all must die ;
Dying, every soul shall live :
For the king of kings on high
This fixed ordinance doth give :
Lo, you all are fugitive !
Penitence ! Cry penitence !

Torment great and grievous dole
Hath the thankless heart mid you :
But the man of piteous soul
Finds much honor in our crew :
Love for loving is the due
That prevents this penitence.

Sorrow, tears, and penitence
Are our doom of pain for aye :
This dead concourse riding by
Hath no cry but penitence !

Cornhill Magazine.

J. A. S.

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH.

SONNET.

I KNOW a royal castle-builder. He
Has planned (in clouds) a house beyond
compare,
And furnished it with treasures passing rare
Gathered from distant lands across the sea.
Fountains gush forth ; and many a curious tree
Shadows rich lawns brodered with bright
parterre
Of scented shrubs and flow'rs. And birds
are there
Well skilled in notes of sylvan minstrelsy.
Closed is the door. Unopened are the gates.
The blossoms droop, and eke the birds are
dumb,
The builder sadly sits as one who waits
For some loved friend — alas ! who does not
come.
In his fair mansion will he ever dwell ?
One little maid — and only she — can tell.
Evening Mail.

FAREWELL.

My love, I love thee with a love undying,
But love so fraught with sorrow that my
heart,
Weary of waiting for a bright to-morrow,
Will say for thy sweet sake, dear love, we
part !

Farewell, my darling ! Yes, my own forever,
Wh'er I go, by land or sea, my star,
My star to guide me, guard me, ah, oh never
Can we forget, although we're sundered far !

Have pity, God ! oh, hold her in thy keeping,
Upon her way I pray thee shed thy light.
Farewell ! One kiss ! Oh, cease thy bitter
weeping.

I go into the night !

W. S. REED.

From The Quarterly Review.

A FRENCH CRITIC ON GOETHE.*

It takes a long time to ascertain the true rank of a famous writer. A young friend of Joseph de Maistre, a M. de Syon, writing in praise of the literature of the nineteenth century as compared with that of the eighteenth, said of Chateaubriand, that "the Eternal created Chateaubriand to be a guide to the universe." Upon which judgment Joseph de Maistre comments thus: "Clear it is, my best of young men, that you are only eighteen; let me hear what you have to say at forty"—*"On voit bien, excellent jeune homme, que vous avez dix-huit ans; je vous attends à quarante."*

The same Joseph de Maistre has given an amusing history of the rise of our own Milton's reputation:—

No one had any suspicion of Milton's merits, when one day Addison took the speaking-trumpet of Great Britain (the loudest-sounding instrument in the universe), and called from the top of the Tower of London: "*Roman and Greek authors, give place!*"

He did well to take this tone. If he had spoken modestly, if he had simply said that there were great beauties in "*Paradise Lost*," he would not have produced the slightest impression. But this trenchant sentence, de-throning Homer and Virgil, struck the English exceedingly. They said one to the other: "What, we possessed the finest epic poem in the world, and no one suspected it! What a thing is inattention! But now, at any rate, we have had our eyes opened." In fact, the reputation of Milton has become a national property, a portion of the Establishment, a Fortieth Article; and the English would as soon think of giving up Jamaica as of giving up the pre-eminence of their great poet.

And Joseph de Maistre goes on to quote a passage from a then recent English commentator on Milton—Bishop Newton. Bishop Newton, it seems, declared that "every man of taste and genius must admit '*Paradise Lost*' to be the most excellent of modern productions, as the Bible is the most perfect of the productions of antiquity." In a note M. de Maistre adds:

* *Goethe in Etudes Critiques de Littérature.* Par Edmond Scherer. Paris, 1876.

"This judgment of the good bishop appears unspeakably ridiculous."

Ridiculous, indeed! but a page or two later we shall find the clear-sighted critic himself almost as far astray as his "good bishop" or as his "best of young men:"—

The strange thing is that the English, who are thorough Greek scholars, are willing enough to admit the superiority of the Greek tragedians over Shakespeare; but when they come to Racine, *who is in reality simply a Greek speaking French*, their standard of beauty all of a sudden changes, and Racine, who is at least the equal of the Greeks, has to take rank far below Shakespeare, who is inferior to them. This theorem in *trigonometry* presents no difficulties to the people of soundest understanding in Europe.

So dense is the cloud of error here that the lover of truth and daylight will hardly even essay to dissipate it; he does not know where to begin. It is as when M. Victor Hugo gives his list of the sovereigns on the world's roll of creators and poets: "Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Rabelais, Molière, Corneille, Voltaire." His French audience rise and cry enthusiastically, "*and Victor Hugo!*" And really that is perhaps the best criticism on what he has been saying to them.

Goethe, the great poet of Germany, has been placed by his own countrymen now low, now high; and his right poetical rank they have certainly not yet succeeded in finding. Tieck, in his introduction to the collected writings of Lenz, noticing Goethe's remark on Byron's "*Manfred*,"—that Byron had "assimilated '*Faust*,' and sucked out of it the strangest nutriment to his hypochondria,"—says tartly that Byron, when he himself talked about his obligations to Goethe, was merely using the language of compliment, and would have been highly offended if any one else had professed to discover them. And Tieck proceeds:—

Everything which in the Englishman's poems might remind one of "*Faust*," is in my opinion far above "*Faust*;" and the Englishman's feeling, and his incomparably more beautiful diction, are so entirely his own, that I cannot possibly believe him to have had "*Faust*" for his model.

But now there comes a scion of the excellent stock of the Grimms, a Professor Hermann Grimm, and lectures on Goethe at Berlin, now that the Germans have conquered the French, and are the first military power in the world, and have become a great nation, and require a national poet to match; and Professor Grimm says of "Faust," of which Tieck had spoken so coldly: "The career of this, the greatest work of the greatest poet of all times and all peoples, has but just begun, and we have taken only the first steps towards drawing forth its contents."

If this is but the first letting out of the waters, the coming times may, indeed, expect a deluge.

Many and diverse must be the judgments passed upon every great poet, upon every considerable writer. There is the judgment of enthusiasm and admiration, which proceeds from ardent youth, easily fired, eager to find a hero and to worship him. There is the judgment of gratitude and sympathy, which proceeds from those who find in an author what helps them, what they want, and who rate him at a very high value accordingly. There is the judgment of ignorance, the judgment of incompatibility, the judgment of envy and jealousy. Finally, there is the systematic judgment, and this judgment is the most worthless of all. The sharp scrutiny of envy and jealousy may bring real faults to light. The judgment of incompatibility and ignorance are instructive, whether they reveal necessary clefts of separation between the experiences of different people, or reveal simply the narrowness and bounded view of those who judge. But the systematic judgment is altogether unprofitable. Its author has not really his eye upon the professed object of his criticism at all, but upon something else which he wants to prove by means of that object. He neither really tells us, therefore, anything about the object, nor anything about his own ignorance of the object. He never fairly looks at it, he is looking at something else. Perhaps if he looked at it straight and full, looked at it simply, he might be able to pass a good judgment on it. As it is, all he tells us is that he is no genuine critic, but

a man with a system, an advocate. Here is the fault of Professor Hermann Grimm, and of his Berlin lectures on Goethe. The professor is a man with a system; the lectures are a piece of advocacy. Professor Grimm is not looking straight at "the greatest poet of all times and all peoples;" he is looking at the necessities, as to literary glory, of the new German empire.

But the definite judgment on this great Goethe, the judgment of mature reason, the judgment which shall come "at forty years of age," who may give it to us? Yet how desirable to have it! It is a mistake to think that the judgment of mature reason on our favorite author, even if it abates considerably our high-raised estimate of him, is not a gain to us. Admiration is positive, say some people, disparagement is negative; from what is negative we can get nothing. But is it no advantage, then, to the youthful enthusiast for Chateaubriand, to come to know that "the Eternal did" *not* "create Chateaubriand to be a guide to the universe"? It is a very great advantage, because these over-charged admirations are always exclusive, and prevent us from giving heed to other things which deserve admiration. Admiration is salutary and formative, true; but things admirable are sown wide, and are to be gathered here and gathered there, not all in one place; and until we have gathered them wherever they are to be found, we have not known the true salutariness and formativeness of admiration. The quest is large; and occupation with the unsound or half-sound, delight in the not good or less good, is a sore let and hindrance to us. Release from such occupation and delight sets us free for ranging farther, and for perfecting our sense of beauty. He is the happy man, who, encumbering himself with the love of nothing which is not beautiful, is able to embrace the greatest number of things beautiful in his love.

We spoke a year ago of the judgment of a French critic, M. Scherer, upon Milton. We propose now to draw our readers' attention to the judgment of the same critic upon Goethe. To set to work to discuss Goethe thoroughly, so as to arrive

at the true definite judgment respecting him, seems to us a most formidable enterprise. Certainly we should not think of attempting it within the limits of a review-article. M. Scherer has devoted to Goethe not one article, but a series of articles. We do not say that the adequate, definitive judgment on Goethe is to be found in these articles of M. Scherer. But we think they afford a valuable contribution towards it. M. Scherer is well-informed, clear-sighted, impartial. He is not warped by injustice and ill-will towards Germany, although the war has undoubtedly left him with a feeling of soreness. He is candid and cool, perhaps a little cold. Probably he will not tell us that "the Eternal created Goethe to be a guide to the universe." He is free from all heat of youthful enthusiasm, from the absorption of a discoverer in his new discovery, from the subjugation of a disciple by the master who has helped and guided him. He is not a man with a system. And his point of view is in many respects that of an Englishman. We mean that he has the same instinctive sense rebelling against what is verbose, ponderous, roundabout, inane — in one word, *niais* or silly — in German literature, as a plain Englishman has. This ground of sympathy between Englishmen and Frenchmen has not been enough remarked, but it is a very real one. They owe it to their having alike had a long-continued national life, a long-continued literary activity, such as no other modern nation has had. This course of practical experience does of itself beget a turn for directness and clearness of speech, a dislike for futility and fumbling, such as without it we shall rarely find general. Dr. Wiese, in his recent useful work on English schools, expresses surprise that the French language and literature should find more favor in Teutonic England than the German. But community of practice is more telling than community of origin. While English and French are printed alike, and while an English and French sentence each of them says what it has to say in the same plain fashion, a German newspaper is still printed in black letter, and a German sentence is framed in the style of this which

we quote from Dr. Wiese himself: "*Die Engländer einer grossen, in allen Erdtheilen eine Achtung gebietende Stellung einnehmenden Nation angehören!*" The Italians are a Latin race, with a clear-cut language; but much of their modern prose has all the circuitousness and slowness of the German, and from the same cause — the want of the pressure of a great national life, with its practical discipline, its ever-active traditions, its literature, for centuries past, powerful and incessant. England has these in common with France.

M. Scherer's point of view, then, in judging the productions of German literature, will naturally, we repeat, coincide in several important respects with that of an Englishman. His mind will make many of the same instinctive demands as ours, will feel many of the same instinctive repugnances. We shall gladly follow him, therefore, through his criticism of Goethe's works, letting him as far as possible speak for himself, as we did when we were dealing with his criticism on Milton. As we did then, too, we shall occasionally compare M. Scherer's criticism on his author with the criticism of others. We shall by no means attempt a substantive criticism of our own, although we may from time to time allow ourselves to comment, in passing, upon the judgments of M. Scherer.

We need not follow M. Scherer in his sketch of Goethe's life. It is enough to remind our reader that the main dates in Goethe's life are his birth in 1749; his going to Weimar with the grand duke, Carl-August, in 1775; his stay in Italy from September 1786 to June 1788; his return in 1788 to Weimar; a severe and nearly fatal illness in 1801; the loss of Schiller in 1805, of Carl-August in 1828; his own death in 1832. With these dates fixed in our minds, we may come at once to the consideration of Goethe's works.

The long list begins, as we all know, with "Götz von Berlichingen" and "Werther." We all remember how Mr. Carlyle, "the old man eloquent," who in his younger days, fifty years ago, betook himself to Goethe for light and help, and found what he sought, and declared his gratitude so powerfully and well, and did

so much to make Goethe's name a name of might for other Englishmen also, a strong tower into which the doubter and the despairer might run and be safe—we all remember how Mr. Carlyle has taught us to see in "Götz" and in "Werther" the double source from which have flowed those two mighty streams—the literature of feudalism and romance, represented for us by Scott, and the literature of emotion and passion, represented for us by Byron.

M. Scherer's tone throughout is, we have said, not that of the ardent and grateful admirer, but of the cool, somewhat cold critic. Already this tone appears in M. Scherer's way of dealing with Goethe's earliest productions. M. Scherer seems to us to rate the force and the interest of "Götz" too low. But his remarks on the derivedness of this supposed source are just. The Germans, he says, were bent, in their "*Sturm und Drang*" period, on throwing off literary conventions, imitation of all sorts, and on being original. What they really did, was to fall from one sort of imitation, the imitation of the so-called classical French literature of the seventeenth century, into another.

"Götz von Berlichingen" is a study composed after the dramatized chronicles of Shakespeare, and "Werther" is a product yet more direct of the sensibility and declamation brought into fashion by Jean Jacques Rousseau. All in these works is infantine, both the aim at being original, and the way of proceeding to be so. It is exactly as it was with us, about 1830. One imagines one is conducting an insurrection, making oneself independent; what one really does is to cook up out of season an old thing. Shakespeare had put the history of his nation upon the stage; Goethe goes for a subject to German history. Shakespeare, who was not fettered by the scenic conditions of the modern theatre, changed the place at every scene; "Götz" is cut up in the same fashion. I say nothing of the substance of the piece, of the absence of characters, of the nullity of the hero, of the commonplace of Weislingen "the inevitable traitor," of the melodramatic machinery of the secret tribunal. The style is no better. The astonishment is not that Goethe at twenty-five should have been equal to writing this piece; the astonishment is that after so poor a start he should have ever gone so far.

M. Scherer seems to us quite unjust, we repeat, to this first dramatic work of Goethe. Mr. Hutton pronounces it "far the most noble as well as the most powerful of Goethe's dramas." And the merit which Mr. Hutton finds in "Götz" is a real one; it is the work where Goethe,

young and ardent, has most forgotten *himself* in his characters. "There was something," says Mr. Hutton (and here he and M. Scherer are entirely in accord), "which prevented Goethe, we think, from ever becoming a great dramatist. He could never lose himself sufficiently in his creations." It is in "Götz" that he loses himself in them the most. "Götz" is full of faults, but there is a life and a power in it, and it is not dull. This is what distinguishes it from Schiller's "Robbers." "The Robbers" is at once violent and tiresome. "Götz" is violent, but it is not tiresome.

"Werther," which appeared a year later than "Götz," finds more favor at M. Scherer's hands. "Werther" is superior to "Götz," he says, "inasmuch as it is more modern, and is consequently alive, or, at any rate, has been alive lately. It has sincerity, passion, eloquence. One can still read it, and with emotion." But then come the objections:—

Nevertheless, and just by reason of its truth at one particular moment, "Werther" is gone by. It is with the book as with the blue coat and yellow breeches of the hero; the reader finds it hard to admit the pathetic in such accoutrement. There is too much enthusiasm for Ossian, too much absorption in nature, too many exclamations and apostrophes to beings animate and inanimate, too many torrents of tears. Who can forbear smiling as he reads the scene of the storm, where Charlotte first casts her eyes on the fields, then on the sky, and finally, laying her hand on her lover's, utters this one word: *Klopstock!* And then the cabbage-passage! . . . "Werther" is the poem of the German middle-class sentimentality of that day. It must be said that our sentimentality, even at the height of the "Héloïse" season, never reached the extravagance of that of our neighbors . . . Mlle. Flachsland, who married Herder, writes to her betrothed that one night in the depth of the woods she fell on her knees as she looked at the moon, and that having found some glowworms she put them into her hair, being careful to arrange them in couples that she might not disturb their loves.

One can imagine the pleasure of a victim of Kruppism and corporalism in relating that story of Mlle. Flachsland. There is an even better story of the return of a Dr. Zimmermann to his home in Hanover, after being treated for hernia at Berlin; but for this story we must send the reader to M. Scherer's own pages.

After the publication of "Werther" began Goethe's life at Weimar. For ten years he brought out nothing except occasional pieces for the court theatre, and

occasional poems. True, he carried the project of his "Faust" in his mind, he planned "Wilhelm Meister," he made the first draft of "Egmont," he wrote "Iphigeneia" and "Tasso" in prose. But he felt the need, for his work, of some influence which Weimar could not give. He became dissatisfied with the place, with himself, with the people about him. In the autumn of 1786 he disappeared from Weimar, almost by a secret flight, and crossed the Alps into Italy. M. Scherer says truly that this was the great event of his life.

Italy, Rome above all, satisfied Goethe, filled him with a sense of strength and joy. "At Rome," he writes from that city, "he who has eyes to see, and who uses them seriously, becomes solid. The spirit receives a stamp of vigor; it attains to a gravity in which there is nothing dry or harsh—to calm, to joy. For my own part, at any rate, I feel that I have never before had the power to judge things so justly, and I congratulate myself on the happy result for my whole future life." So he wrote while he was in Rome. And he told the Chancellor von Müller, twenty-five years later, that from the hour when he crossed the Ponte Molle on his return to Germany, he had never known a day's happiness. "While he spoke thus," adds the chancellor, "his features betrayed his deep emotion."

The Italy, from which Goethe thus drew satisfaction and strength, was Græco-Roman Italy, pagan Italy. For mediæval and Christian Italy he had no heed, no sympathy. He would not even look at the famous church of St. Francis at Assisi. "I passed it by," he says, "with disgust." And he told a young Italian who asked him his opinion of Dante's great poem, that he thought the "*Inferno*" abominable, the "*Purgatorio*" dubious, and the "*Paradiso*" tiresome.

We have not space to quote what M. Scherer says of the influence on Goethe's genius of his stay in Rome. We are more especially concerned with the judgments of M. Scherer on the principal works of Goethe as these works succeed one another. At Rome, or under the influence of Rome, "Iphigeneia" and "Tasso" were re-cast in verse, "Egmont" was resumed and finished, the chief portion of the first part of "Faust" was written. Of the larger works of Goethe in poetry, these are the chief. Let us see what M. Scherer has to say of them.

"Tasso" and "Iphigeneia," says M. Scherer very truly, mark a new phase in the literary career of Goethe.

They are works of finished style and profound composition. There is no need to enquire whether the "Iphigeneia" keeps to the traditional data of the subject; Goethe desired to make it Greek only by its sententious elevation and grave beauty. What he imitates are the conditions of art as the ancients understood them, but he does not scruple to introduce new thoughts into these mythological *motives*. He has given up the aim of rendering by poetry what is characteristic or individual; his concern is henceforth with the ideal, that is to say, with the transformation of things through beauty. If I were to employ the terms in use amongst ourselves, I should say that from romantic Goethe had changed to being classic; but, let me say again, he is classic only by the adoption of the elevated style, he imitates the ancients merely by borrowing their peculiar sentiment as to art, and within these bounds he moves with freedom and power. The two elements, that of immediate or passionate feeling, and that of well-considered combination of means, balance one another, and give birth to finished works. "Tasso" and "Iphigeneia" mark the apogee of Goethe's talent.

It is interesting to turn from this praise of "Tasso" and "Iphigeneia" to that by Mr. Lewes, whose "Life of Goethe," a work in many respects of brilliant cleverness, will be in the memory of many amongst our readers. "A marvellous dramatic poem," Mr. Lewes calls "Iphigeneia." "Beautiful as the separate passages are, admirers seldom think of passages, they think of the wondrous whole." Of "Tasso," Mr. Lewes says: "There is a calm, broad effulgence of light in it, very different from the concentrated *lights* of effect which we are accustomed to find in modern works. It has the clearness, unity, and matchless grace of a Raphael, not the lustrous warmth of a Titian, or the crowded gorgeousness of a Paul Veronese."

Every one will remark the difference of tone between this criticism and M. Scherer's. Yet M. Scherer's criticism conveyed praise, and, for him, warm praise. But "Tasso" and "Iphigeneia" mark, in his eyes, the period, the too short period, during which the forces of inspiration and of reflection, the poet in Goethe and the critic in him, the thinker and the artist, in whose conflict M. Scherer sees the history of our author's literary development, were in equilibrium. "Faust," also, the first part of "Faust," the only one which counts, belongs by its composition to this period. By common consent it is the best of Goethe's works. For while it has the benefit of his matured powers of thought, of his command over his materials, of his

mastery in planning and expressing, it possesses by the nature of its subject an intrinsic richness, color, and warmth. Moreover, from Goethe's long and early occupation with the subject, "Faust" has preserved many a stroke and flash out of the days of its author's fervid youth. To M. Scherer, therefore, as to the world in general, the first part of "Faust" seems Goethe's masterpiece. M. Scherer does not call "Faust" the greatest work of the greatest poet of all times and all peoples, but thus he speaks of it:—

Goethe had the good fortune early to come across a subject, which, while it did not lend itself to his faults, could not but call forth all the powers of his genius. I speak of "Faust." Goethe had begun to occupy himself with it as early as 1774, the year in which "Werther" was published. Considerable portions of the first part appeared in 1790; it was completed in 1808. We may congratulate ourselves that the work was already, at the time of his travels in Italy, so far advanced as it was; else there might have been danger of the author's turning away from it as from a Gothic, perhaps unhealthy, production. What is certain is, that he could not put into "Faust" his pre-occupation with the antique, or, at any rate, he was obliged to keep this for the second part. The first "Faust" remained, whether Goethe would or no, an old story made young again, to serve as the poem of thought, the poem of modern life. This kind of adaptation had evidently great difficulties. It was impossible to give the story a satisfactory end; the compact between the doctor and the devil could not be made good, consequently the original condition of the story was gone, and the drama was left without an issue. We must, therefore, take "Faust" as a work which is not finished, and which could not be finished. But, in compensation, the choice of this subject had all sorts of advantages for Goethe. In place of the somewhat cold symbolism for which his mind had a turn, the subject of "Faust" compelled him to deal with popular beliefs. Instead of obliging him to produce a drama with beginning, middle, and end, it allowed him to proceed by episodes and detached scenes. Finally, in a subject fantastic and diabolic there could hardly be found room for the imitation of models. Let me add, that in bringing face to face human aspiration represented by Faust and pitiless irony represented by Mephistopheles, Goethe found the natural scope for his keen observations on all things. It is unquestionable that "Faust" stands as one of the great works of poetry; and, perhaps, the most wonderful work of poetry in our century. The story, the subject, do not exist as a whole, but each episode by itself is perfect, and the execution is nowhere defective. "Faust" is a treasure of poetry, of pathos, of the highest wisdom, of a spirit inexhaustible and keen as steel. There

is not, from the first verse to the last, a false tone or a weak line.

This praise is discriminating, and yet earnest, almost cordial. "Faust" stands as one of the great works of poetry, and, perhaps, the most wonderful work of poetry in our century." The *perhaps* might be away. But the praise is otherwise not coldly stinted, not limited ungraciously and unduly.

Goethe returned to "the formless Germany," to the Germanic north with its "cold wet summers," of which he so mournfully complained; to Weimar with its petty court and petty town, its society which Carl-August himself, writing to Knebel, calls "the most tiresome on the face of the earth," and of which the ennui drove Goethe sometimes to "a sort of internal despair." He had his animating friendship with Schiller. He had also his connection with Christiana Vulpius, whom he afterwards married.

That connection both the moralist and the man of the world may unite in condemning. M. Scherer calls it "a degrading connection with a girl of no education, whom Goethe established in his house to the great embarrassment of all his friends, whom he either could not or would not marry until eighteen years later, and who punished him as he deserved by taking a turn for drink—a turn which their unfortunate son inherited." In these circumstances was passed the second half of Goethe's life, after his return from Italy. The man of reflection, always present in him, but balanced for a while by the man of inspiration, became now, M. Scherer thinks, predominant. There was a *refroidissement graduel*, a gradual cooling down, of the poet and artist.

The most famous works of Goethe which remain yet to be mentioned are "Egmont," "Hermann and Dorothea," "Wilhelm Meister," the second part of "Faust," and the *Gedichte*, or short poems. Of "Egmont" M. Scherer says:—

This piece also belongs, by the date of its publication, to the period which followed Goethe's stay in Rome. But in vain did Goethe try to transform it, he could not succeed. The subject stood in his way. We need not be surprised, therefore, if "Egmont" remains a mediocre performance, Goethe having always been deficient in dramatic faculty, and not in this case redeeming his defect by qualities of execution, as in "Iphigenia." He is too much of a generalizer to create a character, too meditative to create an action. "Egmont" must be ranked by the side of "Götz;" it is a product of the same

order. The hero is not a living being; one does not know what he wants; the object of the conspiracy is not brought out; the unfortunate count does certainly exclaim, as he goes to the scaffold, that he is dying for liberty, but nobody had suspected it until that moment. It is the same with the popular movement; it is insufficiently rendered, without breadth, without power. I say nothing of Machiavel, who preaches toleration to the princess regent and tries to make her understand the uselessness of persecution; nor of Claire, a girl sprung from the people, who talks like an epigram of the "Anthology;" "Neither soldiers nor lovers should have their arms tied." "Egmont" is one of the weakest among Goethe's weak pieces for the stage.

But now, on the other hand, let us hear Mr. Lewes: "When all is said, the reader thinks of Egmont and Clärchen, and flings criticism to the winds. These are the figures which remain in the memory; bright, genial, glorious creations, comparable to any to be found in the long galleries of art!"

Aristotle says, with admirable common-sense, that the determination of what a thing is, is *ὡς ἂν ὁ φρόνιμος ὁρίσεται*, "as the judicious would determine." And would the judicious, after reading "Egmont," determine with Mr. Lewes, or determine with M. Scherer? Let us for the present leave the judicious to try, and let us pass to M. Scherer's criticism of "Hermann and Dorothea." "Goethe's epic poem," writes Schiller, "you have read; you will admit that it is the pinnacle of his and all our modern art." In Professor Grimm's eyes, perhaps, this is but scant praise, but how much too strong is it for M. Scherer!

Criticism is considerably embarrassed in presence of a poem in many respects so highly finished as the antio-modern and heroico-middle-class idyl of Goethe. The ability which the author has spent upon it is beyond conception; and, the kind of poem being once allowed, the indispensable concessions having been once made, it is certain that the pleasure is doubled by seeing, at each step, difficulty so marvellously overcome. But all this cannot make the effort to be effort well spent, nor the kind of poem a true, sound, and worthy kind. "Hermann and Dorothea" remains a piece of elegant cleverness, a wager laid and won, but for all that, a feat of ingenuity and nothing more. It is not quite certain that our modern societies will continue to have a poetry at all; but most undoubtedly, if they do have one, it will be on condition that this poetry belongs to its time by its language, as well as by its subject. Has any critic remarked how Goethe's manner of proceeding is at bottom that of parody, and how the turn of a straw would set the reader laughing at these farm-

horses transformed into coursers, these village innkeepers and apothecaries who speak with the magniloquence of a Ulysses or a Nestor? Criticism should have the courage to declare that all this is not sincere poetry at all, but solely the product of an exquisite dilettantism, and—to speak the definitive judgment upon it—a factitious work.

Once again we turn to Mr. Lewes for contrast:—

Do not let us discuss whether "Hermann and Dorothea" is or is not an epic. It is a poem. Let us accept it for what it is—a poem full of life, character, and beauty; of all idyls it is the most truly idyllic, of all poems describing country life and country people it is the most truthful. Shakespeare himself is not more dramatic in the presentation of character.

It is an excellent and wholesome discipline for a student of Goethe to be brought face to face with such opposite judgments concerning his chief productions. It compels us to rouse ourselves out of the passiveness with which we in general read a celebrated work, to open our eyes wide, to ask ourselves frankly how, according to our genuine feeling, the truth stands. We all recollect Mr. Carlyle on "Wilhelm Meister," "the mature product of the first genius of our times:"—

Anarchy has now become peace; the once gloomy and perturbed spirit is now serene, cheerfully vigorous, and rich in good fruits . . . The ideal has been built on the actual; no longer floats vaguely in darkness and regions of dreams, but rests in light, on the firm ground of human interest and business, as in its true scene, and on its true basis.

Schiller, too, said of "Wilhelm Meister," that he "accounted it the most fortunate incident in his existence to have lived to see the completion of this work." And again: "I cannot describe to you how deeply the truth, the beautiful vitality, the simple fullness of this work has affected me. The excitement into which it has thrown my mind will subside when I shall have thoroughly mastered it, and that will be an important crisis in my being."

Now for the cold-water douche of our Genevese critic:—

Goethe is extremely great, but he is extremely unequal. He is a genius of the first order, but with thicknesses, with spots, so to speak, which remain opaque and where the light does not pass. Goethe, to go farther, has not only genius, he has what we in France call *esprit*, he has it to any extent, and yet there are in him sides of commonplace and

silliness. One cannot read his works without continually falling in with trivial admirations, solemn pieces of simplicity, reflections which bear upon nothing. There are moments when Goethe turns upon society and upon art a ken of astonishing penetration; and there are other moments when he gravely forces an open door, or a door which leads nowhere. In addition, he has all manner of hidden intentions, he loves byways of effect, seeks to insinuate lessons, and so becomes heavy and fatiguing. There are works of his which one cannot read without effort. I shall never forget the repeated acts of self-sacrifice which it cost me to finish "Wilhelm Meister" and the "Elective Affinities." As Paul de Saint-Victor has put it, "when Goethe goes in for being tiresome he succeeds with an astonishing perfection, he is the Jupiter Pluvius of ennui. The very height from which he pours it down, does but make its weight greater." What an insipid invention is the pedagogic city! What a trivial world is that in which the Wilhelms and the Philinas, the Eduards and the Otilias, have their being! Mignon has been elevated into a poetic creation; but Mignon has neither charm, nor mystery, nor veritable existence, nor any other poetry belonging to her—let us say it right out—except the half-dozen immortal stanzas put into her mouth.

And, as we brought Schiller to corroborate the praise of "Wilhelm Meister," let us bring Niebuhr to corroborate the blame. Niebuhr calls "Wilhelm Meister" "a menagerie of tame animals."

After this the reader can perhaps imagine, without our quoting it, the sort of tone in which M. Scherer passes judgment upon "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*," and upon Goethe's prose in general. Even Mr. Lewes declares of Goethe's prose: "He has written with a perfection no German ever achieved before, and he has also written with a feebleness which it would be gratifying to think no German would ever emulate again."

Let us return, then, to Goethe's poetry. There is the continuation of "Faust" still to be mentioned. First we will hear Mr. Carlyle. In "Helena" "the design is," says Mr. Carlyle, "that the story of 'Faust' may fade away at its termination into a phantasmagoric region, where symbol and thing signified are no longer clearly distinguished," and that thus "the final result may be curiously and significantly indicated rather than directly exhibited." "Helena" is "not a type of one thing, but a vague, fluctuating, fitful adumbration of many." It is, properly speaking, "what the Germans call a *Mährchen*, a species of fiction they have particularly excelled in." As to its composition, "we cannot

but perceive it to be deeply studied, appropriate, and successful."

The "adumbrative" style here praised, in which "the final result is curiously and significantly indicated rather than directly exhibited," is what M. Scherer calls Goethe's "last manner."

It was to be feared that, as Goethe grew older and colder, the balance between those two elements of art, science and temperament, would not be preserved. This is just what happened, and hence arose Goethe's last manner. He had passed from representing characters to representing the ideal, he is now to pass from the ideal to the symbol. And this is quite intelligible; reflection, as it develops, leads to abstraction, and from the moment when the artist begins to prefer ideas to sensation he falls inevitably into allegory, since allegory is his only means for directly expressing ideas. Goethe's third epoch is characterized by three things: an ever-increasing devotion to the antique as to the supreme revelation of the beautiful, a disposition to take delight in æsthetic theories, and, finally, an irresistible desire for giving didactic intentions to art. This last tendency is evident in the continuation of "Wilhelm Meister," and in the second "Faust." We may say that these two works are dead of a hypertrophy of reflection. They are a mere mass of symbols, hieroglyphics, sometimes even mystifications. There is something extraordinarily painful in seeing a genius so vigorous and a science so consummate thus mistaking the elementary conditions of poetry. The fault, we may add, is the fault of German art in general. The Germans have more ideas than their plasticity of temperament, evidently below par, knows how to deal with. They are wanting in the vigorous sensuousness, the concrete and immediate impression of things, which makes the artist, and which distinguishes him from the thinker.

So much for Goethe's "last manner" in general, and to serve as introduction to what M. Scherer has to say of the second "Faust" more particularly:—

The two parts of "Faust" are disparate. They do not proceed from one and the same conception. Goethe was like Defoe, like Milton, like so many others, who after producing a masterpiece have been bent on giving it a successor. Unhappily, while the first "Faust" is of Goethe's fairest time, of his most vigorous manhood, the second is the last fruit of his old age. Science, in the one, has not chilled poetic genius; in the other, reflection bears sway and produces all kind of symbols and abstractions. The beauty of the first comes in some sort from its very imperfection; I mean, from the incessant tendency of the sentiment of reality, the creative power, the poetry of passion and nature, to prevail over the philosophic intention and to make us forget it.

Where is the student of poetry who, as he reads the monologues of Faust or the sarcasms of Mephistopheles, as he witnesses the fall and the remorse of Margaret, the most poignant history ever traced by pen, any longer thinks of the "Prologue in Heaven" or of the terms of the compact struck between Faust and the tempter? In the second part it is just the contrary. The idea is everything. Allegory reigns there. The poetry is devoid of that simple and natural realism without which art cannot exist. One feels oneself in a sheer region of didactics. And this is true even of the finest parts, — of the third act, for example, — as well as of the weakest. What can be more burlesque than this Euphorion, son of Faust and Helen, who is found at the critical moment under a cabbage-leaf! — no, I am wrong, who descends from the sky "for all the world like a Phœbus," with a little cloak and a little harp, and ends by breaking his neck as he falls at the feet of his parents? And all this to represent Lord Byron, and, in his person, modern poetry, which is the off-spring of romantic art! What decadence, good heavens! and what a melancholy thing is old age, since it can make the most plastic of modern poets sink down to these fantasticalities worthy of Alexandria!

In spite of the praise which he has accorded to "Tasso" and "Iphigeneia," M. Scherer, concludes, then, his review of Goethe's productions thus:—

Goethe is truly original and thoroughly superior only in his lyrical poems (the *Ge-dichte*), and in the first part of "Faust." They are immortal works, and why? Because they issue from a personal feeling, and the spirit of system has not petrified them. And yet even his lyrical poems Goethe has tried to spoil. He went on correcting them incessantly; and, in bringing them to that degree of perfection in which we now find them, he has taken out of them their warmth.

The worshipper of Goethe will ask with wrath and bitterness of soul whether M. Scherer has yet done. Not quite. We have still to hear some acute remarks on the pomposity of diction in our poet's stage pieces. The English reader will best understand, perhaps, the kind of fault meant, if we quote from "The Natural Daughter" a couple of lines not quoted, as it happens, by M. Scherer. The heroine has a fall from her horse, and the court physician comes to attend her. The court physician is addressed thus:—

Erfahrner Mann, dem unseres König's Leben,
Das unschätzbare Gut, vertraut ist . . .

"Experienced man, to whom the life of our sovereign, that inestimable treasure, is given in charge." Shakespeare would have said *Doctor*. The German drama is

full of this sort of roundabout pompous language. "Every one has laughed," says M. Scherer, "at the pomposity and periphrasis of French tragedy." The heroic king of Pontus, in French tragedy, gives up the ghost with these words:—

Dans cet embrassement dont la douceur me
flatte,
Venez, et recevez l'âme de Mithridate.

"What has not been said," continues M. Scherer, "and justly said, against the artificial character of French tragedy?" Nevertheless, "people do not enough remember that, convention being universally admitted in the seventeenth century, sincerity and even a relative simplicity remained possible" with an artificial diction; whereas Goethe did not find his artificial diction imposed upon him by conditions from without — he made it himself, and of set purpose.

It is a curious thing; this style of Goethe's has its cause just in that very same study which has been made such a matter of reproach against our tragedy-writers — the study to maintain a pitch of general nobleness in all the language uttered. Everything with Goethe must be grave, solemn, sculptural. We see the influence of Winckelmann, and of his views on Greek art.

English readers will be familiar enough with complaints of Goethe's "artistic egotism," of his tendency to set up his own intellectual culture as the rule of his life. The freshness of M. Scherer's repetition of these old complaints consists in his connecting them, as we have seen, with the criticism of Goethe's literary development. But M. Scherer has some direct blame of defects in his author's character which is worth quoting:—

It must fairly be confessed, the respect of Goethe for the mighty of this earth was carried to excesses which make one uncomfortable for him. One is confounded by these earnestnesses of servility. The king of Bavaria pays him a visit; the dear poet feels his head go round. The story should be read in the journal of the Chancellor von Müller. "Goethe after dinner became more and more animated and cordial. 'It was no light matter,' he said, 'to work out the powerful impression produced by the king's presence, to assimilate it internally. It is difficult, in such circumstances, to keep one's balance and not to lose one's head. And yet the important matter is to extract from this apparition its real significance, to obtain a clear and distinct image of it.'" Another time he got a letter from the same sovereign; he talks of it to Eckermann with the same devout emotion — he "thanks Heaven for it as for a quite spe-

cial favor." And when one thinks that the king in question was no other than that poor Louis of Bavaria, the ridiculous dilettante of whom Heine has made such fun! Evidently Goethe had a strong dose of what the English call "snobbishness." The blemish is the more startling in him, because Goethe is, in other respects, a simple and manly character. Neither in his person nor in his manner of writing was he at all affected; he has no self-conceit; he does not pose. There is in this particular all the difference in the world between him and the majority of our own French authors, who seem always busy arranging their draperies, and asking themselves how they appear to the world and what the gallery thinks of them.

Goethe himself had in like manner called the French "the women of Europe." But let us remark that it was not "snobbishness" in Goethe, which made him take so seriously the potentate who loved Lola Montes; it was simply his German "corporalism." A disciplinable and much-disciplined people, with little humor, and without the experience of a great national life, regards its official authorities in this devout and awestruck way. To a German it seems profane and licentious to smile at his Dogberry. He takes Dogberry seriously and solemnly, takes him at his own valuation.

We are all familiar with the general style of the critic who, as the phrase is, "cuts up" his author. Such a critic finds very few merits and a great many faults, and he ends either with a phrase of condemnation, or with a phrase of compassion, or with a sneer. We saw, however, in the case of Milton, that one must not reckon on M. Scherer's ending in this fashion. After a course of severe criticism he wound up with earnest, almost reverential praise. The same thing happens again in his treatment of Goethe. No admirer of Goethe will be satisfied with the treatment which hitherto we have seen Goethe receive at M. Scherer's hands. And the summing-up begins in a strain which will not please the admirer much better:—

To sum up, Goethe is a poet full of ideas and of observation, full of sense and taste, full even of feeling no less than of acumen, and all this united with an incomparable gift of versification. But Goethe has no artlessness, no fire, no invention; he is wanting in the dramatic fibre and cannot create; reflection, in Goethe, has been too much for emotion, the savant in him for poetry, the philosophy of art for the artist.

And yet the final conclusion is this:—

Nevertheless, Goethe remains one of the

exceeding great among the sons of men. "After all," said he to one of his friends, "there are honest people up and down the world who have got light from my books, and whoever reads them, and gives himself the trouble to understand me, will acknowledge that he has acquired thence a certain inward freedom." I should like to inscribe these words upon the pedestal of Goethe's statue; no juster praise could be found for him, and in very truth there cannot possibly be for any man a praise higher or more enviable.

And in an article on Shakespeare, after a prophecy that the hour will come for Goethe, as in Germany it has of late come for Shakespeare, when criticism will take the place of adoration, M. Scherer, after insisting on those defects in Goethe of which we have been hearing so fully, protests that there are yet few writers for whom he feels a greater admiration than for Goethe, few to whom he is indebted for enjoyments more deep and more durable, and declares that Goethe, although he has not Shakespeare's power, is a genius more vast, more universal, than Shakespeare. He adds, to be sure, that Shakespeare had an advantage over Goethe in not outliving himself.

After all, then, M. Scherer is not far from being willing to allow, if any youthful devotee wishes to urge it, that "the Eternal created Goethe to be a guide to the universe." Yet he deals with the literary production of Goethe as we have seen. He is very far indeed from thinking it the performance "of the greatest poet of all times and of all peoples." And this is why we have thought M. Scherer's criticisms worthy of so much attention; because a double judgment, somewhat of this kind, is the judgment about Goethe to which mature experience, the experience got "by the time one is forty years old," does really, we think, bring us. We do not agree with all M. Scherer's criticisms on Goethe's literary work. We do not ourselves feel, in reading the *Gedichte*, the truth of what M. Scherer says, that Goethe has corrected and retouched them till he has taken the warmth out of them. We do not ourselves feel the irritation in reading Goethe's "Memoirs," and his prose generally, which they provoke in M. Scherer. True, the prose has none of those positive qualities of style which give pleasure, it is not the prose of Voltaire or Swift; it is loose, ill-knit, diffuse; it bears the marks of having been, as it mostly was, dictated—and dictating is a detestable habit. But it is absolutely free from affectation; it lets the real Goethe reach us. In other respects we agree in the main with the judg-

ments passed by M. Scherer upon Goethe's works. Nay, some of them, such as "Tasso" and "Iphigeneia," we hesitate to extol so highly as he does. In that peculiar world of thought and feeling, wherein "Tasso" and "Iphigeneia" have their existence, and into which the reader too must enter in order to understand them, there is something factitious; something devised and determined by the thinker, not given by the necessity of nature herself; something too artificial, therefore, too deliberately studied, — as the French say, *trop voulu*. They cannot have the power of works where we are in a world of thought and feeling not invented but natural — of works like the "Agamemnon" or "Lear." "Faust," too, suffers by comparison with works like the "Agamemnon" or "Lear." M. Scherer says, with perfect truth, that the first part of "Faust" has not a single false tone or weak line. But it is a work as he himself observes, "of episodes and detached scenes," not a work where the whole material together has been fused in the author's mind by strong and deep feeling, and then poured out in a single jet. It can never produce the single, powerful total impression of works which have thus arisen.

The first part of "Faust" is, however, undoubtedly Goethe's best work. And it is so for the plain reason that, except his *Gedichte*, it is his most straightforward work in poetry. Mr. Hayward's is the best of the translations of "Faust" for the same reason — because it is the most straightforward. To be simple and straightforward is, as Milton saw and said, of the essence of first-rate poetry. All that M. Scherer says of the ruinousness, to a poet, of "symbols, hieroglyphics, mystifications," is just. When Mr. Carlyle praises "Helena" for being "not a type of one thing, but a vague, fluctuating, fitful adumbration of many," he praises it for what is in truth its fatal defect. The "*Mährchen*," again, on which he heaps such praise, calling it "one of the noblest performances produced for the last thousand years," a performance "in such a style of grandeur and celestial brilliancy and life as the Western imagination has not elsewhere reached;" the "*Mährchen*" woven throughout of "symbol, hieroglyphic, mystification," is by that very reason a piece of solemn inanity, on which a man of Goethe's powers could never have wasted his time, but for his lot having been cast in a nation which has never lived.

Mr. Carlyle has a sentence on Goethe

which we may turn to excellent account for the criticism of such works as the "*Mährchen*" and "Helena:" —

We should ask [he says] what the poet's aim really and truly was, and how far this aim accorded, not with us and our individual crotchets and the crotchets of our little senate where we give or take the law, but with human nature and the nature of things at large; with the universal principles of poetic beauty, not as they stand written in our text-books, but in the hearts and imaginations of all men.

To us it seems lost labor to inquire what a poet's aim may have been; but for aim let us read *work*, and we have here a sound and admirable rule of criticism. Let us ask how a poet's work accords, not with any one's fancies and crotchets, but "with human nature and the nature of things at large, with the universal principles of poetic beauty as they stand written in the hearts and imaginations of all men," and we shall have the surest rejection of symbol, hieroglyphic, and mystification in poetry. We shall have the surest condemnation of works like the "*Mährchen*" and the second part of "Faust."

It is by no means as the greatest of poets that Goethe deserves the pride and praise of his German countrymen. It is as the clearest, the largest, the most helpful thinker of modern times. It is not principally in his published works, it is in the immense *Goethe literature* of letter, journal, and conversation, in the volumes of Riemer, Falk, Eckermann, the Chancellor von Muller, in the letters to Merck and Madame von Stein and many others, in the correspondence with Schiller, the correspondence with Zelter, that the elements for an impression of the truly great, the truly significant Goethe are to be found. Goethe is the greatest poet of modern times, not because he is one of the half-dozen human beings who in the history of our race have shown the most signal gift for poetry, but because, having a very considerable gift for poetry, he was at the same time, in the width, depth, and richness of his criticism of life, by far our greatest man. He may be precious and important to us on this account above men of other and more alien times, who as poets rank higher. Nay, his preciousness and importance as a clear and profound spirit, as a master critic of life, must communicate a worth of their own to his poetry, and may well make it seem to have a positive value and perfectness as poetry, more than it has. It is most pardonable for a student of him, and may even for a

time be serviceable, to make this error. Nevertheless, poetical defects, where they are present, subsist, and are what they are. And the same with defects of character. Time and attention bring them to light; and when they are brought to light, it is not good for us, it is obstructing and retarding, to refuse to see them. Goethe himself would have warned us against doing so. We can imagine, indeed, that great and supreme critic reading Professor Grimm's laudation of his poetical work with lifted eyebrows, and M. Scherer's criticisms with acquiescence.

Shall we say, however, that M. Scherer's tone in no way jars upon us, or that his presentation of Goethe, just and acute as is the view of faults both in Goethe's poetry and in Goethe's character, satisfies us entirely? By no means. We could not say so of M. Scherer's presentation of Milton; of the presentation of Goethe we can say so still less. The faults are shown, and they exist. Praise is given, and the right praise. But there is yet some defect in the portraiture as a whole; tone and perspective are somehow a little wrong; the distribution of color, the proportions of light and shade, are not managed quite as they should be. One would like the picture to be painted over again by the same artist with the same talent, but a little differently. And meanwhile, we instinctively, after M. Scherer's presentation, feel a desire for some last words of Goethe's own, something which may give a happier and more cordial turn to our thoughts, after they have been held so long to a frigid and censorious strain. And there rises to our minds this sentence: "*Die Gestalt dieser Welt vergeht; und ich möchte mich nur mit dem beschäftigen, was bleibende Verhältnisse sind.*" "*The fashion of this world passeth away; and I would fain occupy myself only with the abiding.*" There is the true Goethe, and with that Goethe we would end!

But let us be thankful for what M. Scherer brings, and let us acknowledge with gratitude his presentation of Goethe to be, not indeed the definitive picture of Goethe, but a contribution, and a very able contribution, to that definitive picture. We are told that since the war of 1870 Frenchmen are abandoning literature for science. Why do they not rather learn of this accomplished Genevese, to whom they have given the right of citizenship, to extend their old narrow literary range a little, and to know foreign literatures as M. Scherer knows them?

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY CAROLINE.

LADY CAROLINE was in the drawing-room at the Deanery alone. Now that her daughter was married this was no unusual circumstance. It was late in the summer evening, after dinner, and she lay on a great square sofa so placed that the view from the large window was dimly visible from it, had she cared for the view. As a matter of fact, at no hour of the twenty-four, however bright or tempting it might be, did Lady Caroline care much for the view; but still, when a room is artistically arranged, such a possibility cannot be altogether kept out of consideration. This evening, however, there was no light to see anything by. The room was dark, nothing distinctly visible in it but the great broad Elizabethan window which filled one end. The upper part of this window was filled with old painted glass in silvery tinted quarries, soft greys and yellows, surrounding the golden and ruby glories of several blazons of arms, and drawing the eye irresistibly with the delight of radiant color; underneath opened the great plain all dim and wide, a suggestion of boundless air and distance rather than a landscape, while in the room itself nothing was distinct but here and there a glimmer of reflection from a mirror breaking the long line of the walls. Nor was its only occupant very distinguishable as she reclined upon her sofa in absolute stillness and tranquillity. The lace on her head and about her throat showed faintly white in the corner, that was all. Perhaps if the mind could have been seen as well as the body, Lady Caroline's individual soul, such as it was, would have told for little more amid the still life around: a something vaguely different from the chairs and softly cushioned sofas, a little more than one of the dim mirrors, a little less than a picture, was this human creature to whom all the rest belonged. She had lived irreproachably on the earth for a number of years (though not for nearly so many years as the great part of her furniture), and fulfilled all her functions very much as they did, honestly holding together, affording a temporary place of repose occasionally, convenient for household meals, and ordinary domestic necessities. Perhaps now and then Lady Caroline conferred something of the same kind of solace and support

which is given to the weary by a nice, warm, soft easy-chair, comfortably cushioned and covered; but that was about the highest use of which she was capable. She was waiting now quite tranquilly till it pleased the servants to bring her lights. They were in no hurry, and she was in no hurry. She never did anything, so that it was immaterial whether her room was lighted early or late, and on the whole she liked this dim interval between the active daylight, when people were always in motion, and the lamps, which suggested work, or a book, or something of the sort. Lady Caroline, though she had not very much mind, had a conscience, and knew that it was not quite right for a responsible creature to be without employment; therefore she made certain efforts to fulfil the object of her existence by keeping a serious volume on the table beside her, and putting in a few stitches now and then in a piece of wool-work. But at this hour there was no possibility for the most anxious conscience to speak, and Lady Caroline's was not anxious, only correct, not troubling itself with any burden beyond what was necessary. It may be supposed, perhaps, that she was sad, passing this twilight quite alone, so soon after the marriage and departure of her only daughter; but this would have been a mistake, for Lady Caroline was not sad. Of course she missed Augusta. There was no one now to wake her up when she dozed, as now and then happened, in a warm afternoon after luncheon; and, as a matter of fact, one or two visitors had actually been ushered into the drawing-room while her head was drooping upon her right shoulder, and her cap a little awry. But at this tranquil hour in the dark, when nobody expected anything of her, neither without or within—neither conscience, nor the dean, nor society—it cannot be said that any distressful recollection of Augusta mingled with her thoughts. Nor, indeed, had she any thoughts to mingle it with, which was perhaps the reason. She was very comfortable in the corner of her sofa, with nothing to disturb her. Had Jarvis her maid been at hand to tell her what was going on in the precincts, or any bit of gossip that might have floated upward from the town, it would probably have added a little more flavor to her content; but even that flavor was not necessary to her, and she was quite happy as she was.

Some one came into the room as she lay in this pleasant quiet. She thought it was Jeremie coming to light the candles,

and said nothing; but it was not so dignified a person as Mr. Jeremie, the dean's butler, who was generally taken for one of the canons by visitors unacquainted with the place. This was indeed a shirt-front as dazzling as Jeremie's which came into the soft gloom, but the owner of it was younger and taller, with a lighter step and less solemn demeanor. He gave a glance round the room to see if any one was visible, then advanced steadily with the ease of an *habitué* among the sofas and tables. "Are you here, Aunt Caroline?" he said. "Oh, you are there! Shall I ring for lights? it must be dull sitting all by yourself in the dark."

"If you please, my dear," said Lady Caroline, who, having no will of her own to speak of, never set it in opposition to anybody else's; answering a question as she did thus promptly, there was no occasion at the same time to answer a mere remark.

"I am afraid you are moping," he said, "missing Augusta. To be sure, it does make a great difference in the house."

"No, my dear," said Lady Caroline, "I can't say I was thinking of Augusta. She is quite happy, you know."

"I hope so," he said, laughing. "If they are not happy now, when should they be happy? the honeymoon scarcely over, and all sorts of delights before them."

"Yes; that is just what I was going to say," said Lady Caroline; "so why should I mope?"

"Why, indeed?" He took his aunt's soft hand into his, and caressed it. Rollo was fond of his aunt, strange though it may appear. She had never scolded him, though this was the favorite exercise of all the rest of his family. When he came home in disgrace she had always received him just the same as if he had come in triumph. Whoever might find fault with him for wasting his talents, or disappointing the hopes of his friends, his Aunt Caroline had never done so. He could not help laughing a little as he spoke, but he caressed her soft white hand as he did so, compunctious, to make amends to her for the ridicule. Lady Caroline, it need not be said, attached no idea of ridicule to his laugh. "But I have come to tell you," said Rollo, "that I have been out again walking up and down the Dean's Walk, as I did the night of the wedding, and I have not been able to hear a note of your singer—the girl with the wonderful voice."

"Did I say there was a girl with a wonderful voice, my dear? I forget."

"Not you, but Augusta; don't you remember, Aunt Caroline, a girl in the cloisters, in—in the lodges, a Miss—I don't remember the name. Lottie something, Augusta called her."

"Ah! Augusta was too ready to make friends. It is Miss Despard, I suppose."

"Well; might we not have Miss Despard here some evening? If her voice is as fine as Augusta said, it might be the making of me, Aunt Caroline. An English *prima donna* would make all our fortunes. And unless I hear her, it is not possible, is it, I appeal to your candor, that I can judge?"

"But, my dear!" But was a word which scarcely existed in Lady Caroline's vocabulary. It meant an objection, and she rarely objected to anything. Still there was a limit to which instinct and experience alike bound her. She was, not unkind by nature, but rather the reverse, and if there was anything that approached a passion—nay, not a passion, an emotion—in her nature, it was for the poor. She who was little moved by any relationship, even the closest, almost loved the poor, and would take trouble for them, petting them when they were sick, and pleased to hear of all their affairs when they were well—conscience and inclination supplementing each other in this point. But the poor, the real "poor," they who are so kind as to be destitute now and then, with nothing to eat and all their clothes at the pawnbroker's, and their existence dependent upon the clergyman's nod, or the visit of the district lady—these were very different from the chevaliers in their lodges. There even Lady Caroline drew the line. She did what was suggested to her in a great many cases, but here she felt that she could make stand when necessity required. Not the people in the lodges! the shabby genteel people who thought they had claims to be treated as ladies and gentlemen, as if they were in society. The very mildest, the very gentlest must pause somewhere, and this is where Lady Caroline made her stand. "My dear," she said, something like a flush coming to her sallow cheek, for Jeremie by this time had brought the lamps and lighted the candles and made her visible, "I have never visited the people in the lodges. I have always made a stand there. There was one of them appointed through my brother Courtland, you know—your papa, my dear—but when Beatrice asked me to notice them I was obliged to decline. I really could not do it. I hope I never shrink

from doing my duty to the poor; but these sort of people—you must really excuse me, Rollo; I could not, I do not think I could do it."

Mr. Ridsdale had never seen anything so near excitement in his aunt's manner before. She spoke with little movements of her hands and of her head, and a pink flush was on her usually colorless face. The sight of this little flutter and commotion which he had caused amused the young man. Jeremie was still moving noiselessly about, letting down a loop of curtain, kindling a distant corner into visibility by lighting one of the groups of candles upon the wall. The room was still very dim, just made visible, not much more, and Jeremie's noiseless presence did not check the expression of Lady Caroline's sentiments. She made her little explanation with a fervor such as, we have said, her nephew had never before seen in her. He was greatly astonished, but he was also, it must be allowed, somewhat disposed to laugh.

"You must pardon me," he said, "for suggesting anything you don't like, Aunt Caroline. But did not Augusta have Miss Despard here?"

"Oh, yes—with the rest of her people who sang. Augusta was always having her singing people—who were not in our set at all."

"I suppose that is all over now," said Rollo in a tone of regret.

"Oh, not quite over. Mrs. Long brought some of them the other day. She thought it would amuse me. But it never amused me much," said Lady Caroline. "Augusta was pleased, and that was all. I don't want them, Rollo; they disturb me. They require to have tea made for them, and compliments. I am not so very fond of music, you are aware."

"I know; not fond enough to give up anything for it; but confess it is often a resource after dinner, when the people are dull?"

"The people are always just the same, Rollo. If they have a good dinner, that is all I have to do with them. They ought to amuse themselves."

"Yes, yes," he resumed, laughing. "I know you are never dull, Aunt Caroline. Your thoughts flow always in the same gentle current. You are never excited, and you are never bored."

A gentle smile came over Lady Caroline's face; no one understood her so well. She was astonished that so many people found fault with Rollo. He was, she

thought, her favorite nephew, if it was right to have a favorite. "It is no credit to me," she said. "I was always brought up in that way. But girls do not have such a good training now."

"No, indeed — the very reverse, I think — they are either in a whirl of amusement or else they are bored. But, Aunt Caroline, people in general are not like you. And for us who have not had the advantage of your education, it is often very dull, especially after dinner. Now you are going to have a gathering to-morrow. Don't you think it would be a good thing to have a little music in the evening, and ask Miss Despard to come and sing. That is not like taking any notice of the chevaliers, poor old fellows! Have her to amuse the people just as you might have Punch and Judy, you know, or some of the sleight-of-hand men."

"I should never think of having either the one or the other, Rollo."

"But a great many people do. It was quite the right thing for a time. Come, Aunt Caroline! My uncle is often bored to death with these duty dinners. He will bless you if you have a little music afterwards and set him free."

"Do you really think so? I can't understand why you should all talk of being bored. I am never bored," said Lady Caroline.

"That is your superiority," said the courtier. "But we poor wretches often are. And I really must hear this voice. You would not like to stand in the way of my interests now when I seem really about to have a chance?"

"It is a very curious thing to me," said Lady Caroline, stimulated by so much argument to deliver herself of an original remark, "that such a clever young man as you are, Rollo, should require to connect yourself with singers and theatres. Such a thing was never heard of in my time."

"That is just it," he said, putting on a mournful look. "If I had not been a clever young man, things would have gone a great deal better with me. There was nothing of that foolish description I am sure, Aunt Caroline, in your time."

"No," she said; then added, almost peevishly, "I do not know how to communicate with the girl, Rollo. She is out of society."

"But only on the other side of the way," he said. "Come, write her a note, and I will take it myself, if Jeremie or Joseph are too grand to go."

"Must I write her a note? I never in my life sent a note to the lodges," said Lady

Caroline, looking at her hands as if the performance would soil them. Then she added, with a look of relief, "I very often see her when I am out for my drive. You can tell the coachman to stop if he sees her, and I will tell her to come — that will be much the better way."

"But if she should be engaged?"

Lady Caroline gave him a very faint smile of amiable scorn and superior knowledge. "You forget these people are not in society," she said.

To make head against this sublime of contempt was more than Rollo could do. Lady Caroline vanquished him as she had vanquished many people in her day, by that invincible might of simple dullness against which nothing can stand.

Mr. Rollo Ridsdale was one of the many very clever young men in society who are always on the eve of every kind of fame and fortune, but never manage to cross the border between hope and reality. He had been quite sure of success in a great many different ways: at the university, where he was certain of a first class, but only managed to "scrape through" the ordeal of honors in the lowest room; in diplomacy, where he was expected to rise to the highest rank, but spoiled all his chances by a whisper of a state secret, of no importance to anybody, when only an unpaid *attaché*; in the House of Commons, where he broke down in his maiden speech, after costing what his family described as a "fortune" to secure his election; and finally, in commerce, where his honorable name was just secured from the *éclat* of a disgraceful bankruptcy by the sacrifice of a second "fortune" on the part of the family. It is but fair to add, however, that Rollo had nothing to do with the disgracefulness of the commercial downfall in which he was all but involved. And here he was at eight-and-twenty once more afloat, as the fashionable jackal and assistant of an enterprising *impresario*, indefatigable in his pursuit of the prima donna of the future, and talking of nothing but operas. This was why he had made that moonlight promenade, under Lottie Despard's windows on the evening of his cousin's wedding-day. He did not know her, but Lottie knew him as the populace know all, even the most insignificant, members of the reigning family. Lady Caroline's nephew, Augusta's cousin, was of much more importance to the community than any of the community had been to him up to this moment, though the thoughts which passed through Lottie's mind, as, with extreme surprise, she recognized him gazing

up at her window, suggested a very different hypothesis. What could Lottie imagine, as, with the most bewildering astonishment, she identified Mr. Ridsdale, but that he had seen her as she had seen him, and that it was admiration at least, if not a more definite sentiment, which brought him to wander in front of the window, as poor young Purcell did, whose delusion she regarded without either surprise or compassion? Rollo Ridsdale was a very different person; and Lottie had been too much bewildered by his appearance to found any theory upon it, except the vaguest natural thrill of flattered pleasure and wonder. Was it possible? When a young man comes and stares at a lady's window, going and returning, waiting apparently for a glimpse of her, what is any one to suppose? There is but one natural and ordinary explanation of such an attitude and proceeding. And if Lottie's fancy jumped at this idea, how could she help it? It gave her a little shock of pleasure and exhilaration in her depressed state. Why should she have been exhilarated? It is difficult to say. She did not know anything of Mr. Ridsdale — whether his admiration was worth having or the reverse. But he was Lady Caroline's nephew, who had always been inaccessible to Lottie; he was Augusta's cousin, who had neglected her. And, if it really could be possible that, notwithstanding this, he had conceived a romantic passion for Lottie, what could be more consolatory to the girl who had felt herself humiliated by the indifference and contempt with which these ladies had treated her? The idea brought the light back to her eyes, and her natural gay courage revived again. She would make reprisals, she would "be even with them," and pay them back in their coin; and where is the girl or boy to whom reprisals are not sweet?

This, however, is a digression from Lady Caroline, who went to her tranquil couch that night with a heavier heart than she had known for years. It was a revolution which had occurred in her life. During Augusta's reign she had been passively resistant always, protesting under her breath against the invasion of the singing people of all kinds into her sacred and exclusive world. She had supported it with heroic calm, entrenching herself behind the ladies who were really in society, and whom she could receive without derogation; but to Lottie and the other people who were outside of her world she had never shown any civility, as she was

glad to think, on surveying the situation that night. She had not brought it on herself. She had never shown them any civility. A salutation with her eyelids, a cup of tea from her table, the privilege of breathing the same air with her — this had been all she had ever done for her daughter's *protégées*, and hitherto nobody, she was obliged to allow, had presumed upon it. But *that* Miss Despard was not like the timid and respectful singing ladies from the town. She was a bold young woman, who thought herself as good as any one, and looked as if she ought to be talked to, and taken notice of, as much as any one. And it was not possible to get rid of her as the ladies in the town could be got rid of. Lady Caroline could not go out of her own door, could not go to church, without meeting Miss Despard, and feeling what she called within herself "the broad stare" of that dangerous girl. And now was it possible, was it conceivable, that she was herself to take the initiative and re-invite Miss Despard? Not for years, if indeed ever in her life, had Lady Caroline gone to bed with such a weight on her mind. She sighed as she lay down on that bed of down — nay, not of down, which is old-fashioned and not very wholesome either, nowadays, people say — but on her mattress of delicately arranged springs, which moved with every movement. She sighed as she lay down upon it, and the springs swayed under her; and she sighed again in the morning as she woke, and all that had happened came back into her mind. Poor dear Rollo! She did not like to cross him, or to go against him, since he had made so great an object of it. Oh that Augusta had but held her peace, and had not inflamed his mind about this girl's voice! After all, her voice was nothing wonderful; it was just a soprano, as most girls' voices were; and that she, Lady Caroline, should be compelled to exert herself — compelled to go against her principles, to come into personal contact with a person of a different class! She who had always been careful to keep herself aloof! It was very hard upon Lady Caroline. She sighed at breakfast so that the dean took notice of it.

"Is there anything the matter?" he said. "Rollo, do you know what is the matter? This is the third time I have heard your aunt sigh."

"I am sure she does not look as if anything was the matter," said Rollo, with that filial flattery which women like, at Lady Caroline's age.

She gave him a faint little smile, but shook her head and sighed again.

"Bless my soul!" said the dean, "I must look in upon Enderby, and tell him to come and see you."

"Oh, there is nothing the matter with me," Lady Caroline said; but she had no objection to see Enderby, who was the doctor and always very kind. It even pleased her to think of confiding her troubles to him, for indeed she had the humbling consciousness upon her mind that she had never been a very interesting patient. She had never had anything but headaches, and mere external ills to tell him about. She had never till now been able to reveal to him even a headache which had been caused by trouble of mind. Lady Caroline, though she was dull, had a faint wish to be interesting as well as other people, and it would be a relief to pour out this trouble to his sympathizing ear. The ladies of the town did not love—any more than Lady Caroline did, and the other ladies in the cloisters—those nondescripts, neither one thing nor another, neither people to visit, nor people to be altogether ignored, who lived in the chevaliers' lodges—and she knew that she was sure of sympathy from the doctor, whose wife at least must have suffered from them too.

The idea of meeting Lottie when she went out was a very happy one, Lady Caroline thought. She could not but feel that necessity was producing invention within her. Perhaps she might not meet Lottie, perhaps Lottie might be frightened and would decline to come. She drove out that afternoon with a little excitement, full of hope, if she felt also the palpitation of a little fear. These emotions made quite a pleasant and unusual stir in the dull fluid that filled her veins. She was half disturbed and half pleased when she found that Rollo proposed going with her, a very unusual compliment from a young man. He said it was because he had hurt his foot and could not walk. "Dear me!" Lady Caroline said, "I will send Jarvis to see if it is a sprain." "Oh no, it is not a sprain," he said; "a little rest is all it requires." "You will find carriage exercise very nice," Lady Caroline said; "a perfect rest—and much more amusement than walking, which tires one out directly." And thus they set out perfectly pleased with each other. But the coachman had got his instructions carefully from Rollo's own lips, and there was now no possibility of escape for the poor lady, over whom Rollo himself had mounted guard. They

had not gone above a few yards from the Deanery door, when the carriage suddenly drew up with a jar, to the side of the high terrace pavement which lay in front of the lodges. Rollo, who was on the alert, looked eagerly out, and saw a light, erect figure, full of energy and life, coming up in the plainest of morning frocks, one of those simple toilettes which fashion has lately approved. She looked perfectly fresh, and like the summer morning, as she came along, with a little basket in her hand; and suddenly it burst upon Rollo, as Lottie raised her eyes with a glance of astonished interest in them, wondering why it was that Lady Caroline's carriage should stop there, that this unknown girl was extremely handsome—a thing for which the young man had not been prepared. "Is this Miss Despard? but she will be gone unless you send to her. Shall I go and call her to you?" he said.

"Oh, she will come when she sees I want her," said Lady Caroline. But the only answer he made was to jump up and let himself out of the carriage before Joseph could get off from the box. He went up to Lottie with his hat in his hand, very much surprised in his turn by the vivid blush which covered her cheeks at sight of him. He was flattered, and he was surprised; was it a mere trick of unformed manners, the *gaucherie* of a girl who had never been in society, and did not know how to behave herself? or was it that she saw something unusually fascinating in himself, Rollo? To see so handsome a girl blush at his approach was a tribute to his attractions, which Rollo was not the man to be indifferent to. He almost forgot the business side of the transaction, and his hunt after a *prima donna*, in the pleasure of such an encounter. Could she have seen him somewhere before and been "struck" with him? Rollo wondered. It was an agreeable beginning. He went up to her with his hat in his hand as if she had been a princess. "I beg your pardon," he said, "my aunt, Lady Caroline Huntington, has sent me to beg that you would let her speak to you for a moment." Lottie looked at him bewildered, with eyes that could scarcely meet his. She could hardly make out what he said in the sudden confusion and excitement of meeting thus face to face the man whom she had seen under her window. What was it? Lady Caroline asking to speak with her, awaiting her there, in her carriage, in the sight of all St. Michael's! Lottie stood still for a moment, and gazed at this strange sight, unable to move or speak

for wonder. What could Lady Caroline have to say? She could not be going, on the spot, out of that beautiful chariot with its prancing horses, to plead her nephew's suit with the girl who knew nothing of him except his lover-like watch under her window. Lottie could not trust herself to make him any reply — or rather she said idiotically, "Oh, thank you," and turned half reluctant, confused, and anxious, to obey the call. She went to the carriage door, and stood without a word, with her eyes full of wonder, to hear what the great lady had to say.

But it was not much at any time that Lady Caroline had to say. She greeted Lottie with the usual little movement of her eyelids. "How do you do, Miss Despard?" she said. "I wanted to ask if you would come to the Deanery, this evening, for a little music?" There was no excitement in that calmest of voices. Lottie felt so much ashamed of her wonderful vague absurd anticipations, that she blushed more hotly than ever.

"At half past nine," said Lady Caroline.

"You have not presented me to Miss Despard, Aunt Caroline, so I have no right to say anything; but if I had any right to speak, I should say I hope — I hope — that Miss Despard is not engaged, and that she will come."

How earnest his voice was; and what a strange beginning of acquaintance! Lottie felt half disposed to laugh, and half to cry, and could not lift her eyes in her confusion to this man who — was it possible? — was in love with her, yet whom she did not know.

"Oh, I am not engaged — I — shall be very happy." What else could she say? She stood still, quite unaware what she was doing, and heard him thank her with enthusiasm, while Lady Caroline sat quite passive. And then the splendid vision rolled away, and Lottie stood alone wondering like a creature in a dream, on the margin of the way.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE DEANERY.

LOTTIE stood as if in a dream, hearing the ringing of the horses' hoofs, the roll of the carriage, and nothing more; all the sounds in the world seemed to be summed up in these. She could scarcely tell what had happened to her. A great honor had happened to her, such as might have impressed the imagination of any one in that little world of St. Michael's, but not so

great a thing as she thought. Lady Caroline had asked her to tea. It was something, it was much; it was what Lady Caroline had never done to any one in the lodges before. Even Mrs. Seymour, whose husband was really *one of the Seymours*, people said, and whom Lady Courtland had begged Lady Caroline to be kind to, had not been so honored. But for all that, it was not what Lottie thought. She stood there with her heart beating, feeling as if she had just fallen from the clouds, in a maze of bewildered excitement, scarcely able to realize what had befallen her — and yet that which had befallen her was not what she thought. Most things that happen to us are infinitely better in thought and in hope than they are in reality; but this was doubly, trebly the case with poor Lottie, who found the cause of this new happiness of hers in a delusion, a mistake, most innocently, most unwittingly occasioned. It was not a thing that anybody had intended. Rollo Ridsdale had meant no harm when he strolled along the Dean's Walk in the evening on two separate nights, looking up at Lottie's window and hoping to hear her sing that he might tell his partner of a new voice to be had for the asking. And neither had Lottie meant any harm; it was not vanity, it was the most natural conclusion from what she saw with her own eyes. How could she doubt it? He must have seen her when she was not aware of it, and fallen in love with her, as people say, at first sight — a romantic compliment that always goes to a girl's heart. There was no other interpretation to be put upon the fact of his lingering about looking up at her window. She had said to herself it was nonsense; but how could it be nonsense? What other explanation could any one give of such a proceeding? And now he had managed to make Lady Caroline, she who was the queen of the place and unapproachable, take his cause in hand. For what other possible reason could Lady Caroline, who never noticed any one out of her own sphere, have paid this special and public compliment to Lottie, and invited her to paradise, as it were, to tea — not afternoon tea, which means little, but *in the evening*? But here Lottie's fancies became so bewildering that she could not follow herself in her thoughts; much less would it be possible for us to follow her. For, if Lady Caroline had thus interfered on her nephew's behalf, securing for him a personal introduction and an opportunity of making her acquaintance, what could this mean but that Lady Caroline was on

his side and meant to help him and approved of his sentiments? This thought was too wonderful to be entertained seriously; it only glanced across the surface of Lottie's mind, making her laugh within herself with a bewildered sense that there was something absurd in it. Lady Caroline stoop from her high estate to lift her, Lottie, to a place upon that dazzling eminence! The girl felt as if she had been spun round and round like a teetotum, though it was an undignified comparison. She did not know where she might find herself when, dizzy and tottering, she should come to herself. All this time Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, at her window where she always sat surveying everything that went on, had been knocking an impatient summons with her knuckles on the pane; and this it was at last which brought Lottie to herself. She obeyed it with some reluctance, yet at the same time she was glad to sit down somewhere till the giddiness should go off and the hurry of her thoughts subside. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy met her with a countenance full of interest and eagerness; a new incident was everything to her. She was as eager as if it was of vital importance to know every word that Lady Caroline said.

"Then what was she saying to ye, me dear?" cried the old lady, from whom excitement almost took away the breath.

"She did not say anything," said Lottie, relieving her feelings by a little laugh. "She never does say anything; she asked me to tea."

"And you call that nothing, ye thankless creature! It's spoilt ye are, Lottie, me darling, and I always said that was what would come of it. She asked you to tea? sure it'll be afternoon tea for one of the practisings, like it was in Miss Augusta's day?"

"No, I am going to go in after dinner. It is not the first time, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy; Augusta has often asked me. What else did I get my white frock for?—for there are no parties here to go to. She used to say: 'Come in, and bring your music.' It is not me they want, it is my voice," said Lottie, assuming a superiority of wisdom which she did not possess.

"All in good time, me dear," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. "And did my Lady Caroline bid you to bring your music too? The daughter is one thing, and the mother is clean another. I hope you've got your frock in order, me darlin'; clean and nice and like a lady? You should send it to Mrs. Jones to iron it out; she's the plague of my life, but she's a beautiful clear-

starcher—that I will say for her; and if you want a ribbon or so, me jewel, or anything I have that ye may take a fancy to—there's my brooch with O'Shaughnessy's miniature, sure ne'er a one of them would find out who it was. You might say it was your grandpapa, me honey, in his red coat with his medals; and fine he'd look on your white frock——"

"Thank you!" said Lottie in alarm; "but I never wear anything, you know, except poor mamma's little pearl locket."

"Sure I know," said the old woman with a laugh; "a body can't wear what they haven't got! But you needn't turn up your little nose at my big brooch, for when it was made it was the height of the fashion, and now everything that's old is the height of the fashion. And so me Lady Caroline, that's too grand to say 'Good morning to ye, ma'am,' or 'Good evening to ye,' after ye've been her neighbor for a dozen years, stops her grand carriage to bid this bit of a girl to tea, and Miss Lottie takes it as cool as snowballs, if ye please. Well, well, honey! I don't envy ye, not I; but you're born to luck as sure as the rest of us are born to trouble, and that all the Abbey can see."

"I born to luck! I don't think there is much sign of it," said Lottie, though with a tumultuous leap of the heart which contradicted the words. "And what is there, I should like to know, that all the Abbey can see?"

"If you think I'm going to tell you the nonsense that is flying about, and put fancies in your little head!" said the old Irishwoman, "go your ways, and see that your frock is in order; and I'll run in and see you dressed, me pet, and I'll bring the brooch and the box with me best ribbons; maybe at the last you'll change your mind."

Lottie went home with her head in the clouds; was she indeed "born to luck"? Was she going to be transplanted at once without the tedious probation which even in poetry, even in story-books, the good heroine has generally to go through, into that heaven of wealth and rank and luxurious surroundings which she felt to be her proper sphere? It was not that Lottie cared for luxury in its vulgarer forms; she liked what was beautiful and stately—the large noble rooms, the dignified aspect which life bore when unconnected with those small schemes and strugglings in which her existence was spent; but above all she liked, it must be allowed, to be uppermost, to feel herself on the highest round of the ladder, and hated and re-

sisted with all her soul the idea of being inferior to anybody. This was the thing above all others which Lottie could not bear. She had been brought up with the idea that she belonged by right of nature to the upper classes, a caste entirely removed by immutable decree of Providence from shopkeepers and persons engaged in trade, and to whom it was comparatively immaterial whether they were poor or rich, nothing being able to alter the birth-right which united them with all that was high and separated them from all that was low. But this right had not been acknowledged at St. Michael's. She and her family had been mixed up in the crowd along with the O'Shaughnessys, and the Dalrymples, and all sorts of common people; and nobody, not even the O'Shaughnessys, had been impressed by the long descent of the Despard family and its unblemished gentility. Something else then evidently was requisite to raise her to her proper place, to the sphere to which she belonged. Lottie would not have minded poverty, or difficulty, or hard work, had she been secure of her "position;" but that was just the thing of which in present circumstances she was least secure. It was for this reason that Lady Caroline's notice was sweet to her — for this that she had been so deeply disappointed when no sign of amity was accorded to her on the wedding-day. And this was why her heart leapt with such bewildering hope and excitement at the new event in her career. She did not know Mr. Ridsdale; perhaps his admiration or even his love were little worth having; and nothing but what are called interested motives could have possibly moved Lottie to the thrill of pleasure with which she contemplated his supposed attachment. A girl whose head is turned by the mere idea of a lover who can elevate her above her neighbors, without any possibility of love on her part to excuse the bedazzlement, is not a very fine or noble image; yet Lottie's head was turned, not vulgarly, not meanly, but with an intoxication that was full of poetry and all that is most ethereal in romance. A tender, exquisite gratitude to the man who thus seemed to have chosen her, without any virtue of hers, filled her heart; and to the great lady who, though so lofty, and usually cold as marble to the claims of those beneath her, could thus forget her pride for Lottie. This feeling of gratitude softened all the other emotions in her mind. She was ready to be wooed, but then the very manner of the first step in this process, the lingering outside her

window, which was a sign of the tenderest, most delicate, and reverential love-making (but she did not think it so in the case of poor young Purcell), showed what a respectful, ethereal, poetical wooing it would be. Thus Lottie's whole being was full of the most tremulous, delicious happiness, all made up of hope and anticipation, and grateful admiration of the fine, generous sentiments of her supposed lover, even while it was founded, as you may say, on self-interest and ambition, and sentiments which were not generous at all.

And with what a flutter at her heart she put on her white muslin frock, which (not having any confidence in Mrs. Jones) she ironed herself most carefully and skilfully, with such interest in keeping it fresh as no Mrs. Jones in the world could have. For girls who have no ornaments to speak of, how kind summer is, providing roses, which are always the most suitable of decorations! One knot of them in her hair and one at her breast — what could Lottie want more? Certainly not the big brooch with Major O'Shaughnessy in his red coat, which her old friend was so anxious to pin the roses with. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy thought it would be "such a finish," and prove satisfactorily that it was not poverty but fancy that made Lottie decorate herself with fresh flowers instead of the fine artificial wreath with a nice, long trail down the back, which was what the old lady herself would have preferred. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, however, was mollified by the girl's acceptance of the Indian shawl which she brought to wrap her in. "And you might just carry it into the room with you, me dear, as if ye might feel chilly," said the old lady, "for it's a beauty, and I should like me Lady Caroline to see it. I doubt if she's got one like it. Good-night and a pleasant evening to ye, me honey," she cried, as under charge of Law, and with her dress carefully folded up, Lottie with her beating heart went across the broad gravel of the Dean's Walk to the Deanery door. It was a lovely summer night, not dark at all, and the signor was practising in the Abbey, and the music, rolling forth in harmonious thunders, rose now more now less distinct as the strain grew softer or louder. A great many people were strolling about, loitering, when Lottie came out, skimming over the road in her little white shoes, with the roses in her hair. All the rest of her modest splendors were hidden by the shawl, but these could not be hidden. The people about all turned their

heads to look at her. She was going to the Deanery. It was the same in St. Michael's as visiting the queen.

The dean's dinner-party had been of a slightly heavy description. There were several of the great people from the neighborhood, county people whom it was necessary to ask periodically. It was so distinctly made a condition, at the beginning of this story, that we were not to be expected to describe the doings on Olympus, nor give the reader an insight into the behavior of the gods and goddesses, that we feel ourselves happily free from any necessity of entering into the solemn grandeur of the dinner. It was like other dinners in that region above all the clouds. The ladies were fair and the gentlemen wise, and they talked about other ladies and gentlemen not always perhaps equally wise or fair. Mr. Rollo Ridsdale was the greatest addition to the party. He knew all the very last gossip of the clubs. He knew what Lord Sarum said to Knowsley, upbraiding him for the indiscretion of his last Guildhall speech. "But everybody knows that Knowsley is nothing if not indiscreet," Rollo said; and he knew that, after all, whatever any one might say to the contrary, Lady Martingale *had* gone off with Charley Crowther, acknowledging that nothing in the world was of any consequence to her in comparison. "Such an infatuation!" for, as everybody knew, Charley was no Adonis. Lady Caroline shook her head over this, as she eat her chicken (or probably it was something much nicer than chicken that Lady Caroline ate). And thus the *ménu* was worked through. There was but one young lady in the party, and even she was married. In August's time the young people were always represented, but it did not matter so much now. When all these ladies rose at last in their heavy dresses that swept the carpet, and in their diamonds which made a flicker and gleam of light about their heads and throats, and swept out to the drawing-room: all, with that one exception, over middle age, all well acquainted with each other, knowing the pedigrees and the possessions each of each, and with society in general for their common ground, the reader will tremble to think of such a poor little thing as Lottie, in her white muslin, with the roses in her hair, standing trembling in a corner of the big drawing-room, and waiting for the solemn stream of silk and satin, and society, in which she would have been engulfed at once, swallowed up and seen no more. And what would have hap-

pened to Lottie, had she been alone, without any one to stand by her in the midst of this overflowing, we shrink from contemplating; but happily she had already found a companion to hold head with her against the stream.

For when Lottie came in, she found some one before her in the drawing-room, a tall, very thin man, with stooping shoulders, who stood by the corner of the mantelpiece, on which there were candles, holding a book very close to his eyes. When Lottie went in, with her heart in her mouth, he turned round, thinking that the opening of the door meant the coming of the ladies. The entrance, instead, of the one young figure, white and slender, and of Lottie's eyes encountering him, full of fright and anxiety, yet with courage in them — the look that was intended for Lady Caroline, and which was half a prayer, "Be kind to me!" as well as perhaps the tenth part of a defiance — made a great impression upon the solitary inmate of the room. He was as much afraid of what he thought a beautiful young lady, as Lottie was of the mistress of the house.

After this first moment, however, when she perceived that there was nobody alarming, only a gentleman (an *old* gentleman, Lottie contemptuously, or rather carelessly concluded, though he was not more in reality than about five-and-thirty), she regained her composure, and her heart went back to its natural place. Lottie knew very well who the gentleman was, though he did not know her. It was Mr. Ashford, one of the minor canons, a very shy and scholarly person, rather out of his element in a community which did not pretend to much scholarship or any special devotion to books. Perhaps he was the only man in St. Michael's whom Lottie had ever really desired to make acquaintance with on his own account; but indeed it was scarcely on his own account, but on account of Law, about whom she was always so anxious. Mr. Ashford took pupils, with whom he was said to be very successful. He lived for his pupils, people said, and thought of nothing else but of how to get them into shape and push them on. It had been Lottie's dream ever since she came to St. Michael's to get Law under Mr. Ashford's care; and after she had recovered the shock of getting into the room, and the mingled thrill of relief and impatience at finding that there was nobody there as yet to be afraid of, Lottie, whose heart always rose to any emergency, began to speculate how she could make friends with Mr. Ashford. She was

not afraid of him: he was short-sighted, and he was awkward and shy, and a great deal more embarrassed by her look than she was by his. And he was being badly used — much more badly used than she was. For Lottie reflected, with indignation, that to ask a gentleman like Mr. Ashford after dinner, was an insult to him, and that he must therefore stand in need of consolation and support. She ranged herself by him instantly, instinctively. They were the two who were being condescended to, being taken notice of — they were the natural opponents consequently of the fine people, the people who condescended and patronized. Mr. Ashford, on his side, stood and looked at her, and did not know what to do. He did not know who she was. She was a beautiful young lady, and he knew he had seen her in the Abbey; but further than this Mr. Ashford knew nothing of Lottie. The signs which would have betrayed her lowly condition to an experienced eye said nothing to him. Her white muslin might have been satin for anything he could tell, her little pearl locket a priceless ornament. He did not know how to address such a dazzling creature, though to any ordinary person in society Lottie's attire would have suggested bread-and-butter, and nothing dazzling at all.

"It is a beautiful evening," said Lottie, a little breathless. "It is scarcely dark yet, though it is half-past nine o'clock."

To both these unquestionable statements Mr. Ashford said "Yes," and then he felt himself called upon to make a contribution in return. "I have just found a book which somebody must have been reading," he said, growing red with the effort.

"Oh, yes; is it a very interesting book? What is it about?" said Lottie, but this was something for which Mr. Ashford was not prepared. He got redder than ever and cleared his throat.

"Oh! it does not seem about anything in particular. I have not really had time to read it;" then he made a hasty dash at an abstract subject, and said, with a falter in his voice, "Are — are you fond of reading?" This question at once lit up Lottie's face.

"Oh, *very*, very fond! But I have not many books nor much time. I always envy people who can read everything they please. Mr. Ashford, I wonder if I might speak to you about something — before they come in," said Lottie, coming a step nearer, and looking eagerly at him with her dangerous blue eyes.

Mr. Ashford got the better of his shyness in a moment. It did not embarrass him when there was anything to be done. He smiled upon her with a most beautiful beaming smile which altogether changed the character of his face, and put a chair for her, which Lottie, however, did not take. "Surely," he said, in his melodious voice, suddenly thawed out of the dryness which always got into his throat when he spoke first to a stranger. It has not yet been said that Mr. Ashford's chief quality as respected the community at St. Michael's was an unusually beautiful mellow voice. This was his chief claim, as it was Lottie's only one, to entertainment at the Deanery. "If there is any way in which I can be of use to you?" he said.

"Oh yes; so much use! They say you think a great deal about your pupils, Mr. Ashford," said Lottie, "and I have a brother whom nobody thinks much about —"

That was the moment Lady Caroline chose to return to the drawing-room. The door opened, the ladies swept in one by one, the first looking suspiciously at both Mr. Ashford and Lottie, the second who knew Mr. Ashford giving him a smile of recognition, and looking suspiciously only at Lottie, the rest following some one example, some the other. Lottie knew not one of them. She looked trembling for Lady Caroline, and hoped she would be kind, and save her from the utter desolation of standing alone in this smiling and magnificent company. But Lady Caroline, coming in last of all, only made her usual salutation to the stranger. She said, "Good evening, Miss Despard," as she swept her long train of rustling silk over the carpet close to Lottie's trembling feet, but she put out her hand to Mr. Ashford. "It was so good of you to come," she said. Alas! Lottie was not even to have the comfort of feeling on the same footing with the minor canon. He was carried off from her just as he had begun to look on her with friendly eyes. The stream floated towards the other side of the room, where Lady Caroline seated herself on her favorite square sofa. Lottie was left standing all alone against the soft grey of the wall, lighted up by the candles on the mantelpiece. When a person belonging to one class of society ventures to put a rash foot on the sacred confines of another, what has she to expect? It is an old story, and Lottie had gone through it before, and ought to have had more sense, you will say, than to encounter it again. But the silly girl felt it as much as

if she had not quite known what would happen to her. She stood still there feeling unable to move, one wave of mortification and indignation going over her after another. How could they be so cruel? What did they ask her for if they meant to leave her to stand there by herself? And Mr. Ashford, too, was cruel. She had made up her mind to stand by him; but he had been carried away by the first touch; he had not stood by her. Lottie could have torn off the roses with which she had decked herself so hopefully, and stamped her foot upon them. She almost wished she had the courage to do it, to cry out to those careless people and let them see what unkindness they were doing. Meantime she made a very pretty picture without knowing it. "Look at that pretty, sulky girl against the wall," said the young married lady to her mother. "Lady Caroline must have set her there on purpose to look handsome and ill-tempered. How handsome she is! I never saw such eyelashes in my life; but as sulky as a thunder-cloud."

"Go and talk to her and then she will not be sulky," said the mother, who, though by instinct she had looked suspiciously at Lottie, was not unkind; nay, was a kind woman when she saw any need for it. Neither were the others unkind — but they did not see any need for it. It was Lady Caroline's business, they thought, to entertain her own guests.

Lottie, however, had her triumph later when she sang, all the whispered conversation in the room stopping out of sheer astonishment. Her voice had developed even within the last month or two, during which there had been no singing in the Deanery, and as the signor, who had come in after his practising, played her accompaniments for her, and did his very best to aid and heighten the effect of her songs, her success was complete. He had never accompanied her before, which was a fact Lottie did not remember. And she did not notice either in her preoccupation — thinking nothing of this but much of less important matters — that he knew everything she could sing best, and humored, and flattered, and coaxed her voice to display itself to the very fullest advantage, as only a skilful accompanist can. No doubt he had his motive. As for Rollo Ridsdale, he stood on the other side of the piano looking at Lottie with a gaze which seemed to go through and through her. It meant in fact the real enthusiasm of a man who knew exactly what such talent was worth, and the less practical but still

genuine enthusiasm of the amateur who knew what the music was worth as well as the voice. In the one point of view he saw Lottie's defects, in the other he saw all that could be made of her. An English prima donna! a real native talent as good as anything that ever came out of Italy, and capable of producing any amount of national enthusiasm! Rollo's eyes shone, his face lighted up, he did not know how to express his delight. He said to himself that she would make "all our fortunes," with an exaggeration common to his kind. "I knew I was to be charmed, Miss Despard, but I did not know what delight was in store for me," he said, with eyes that said still more than his words. Lottie's eyes with their wonderful lashes sank before his. He thought it was perhaps a pretty trick to show that remarkable feature, and since he was sensible at all points to the beautiful, he did full justice to them. "By Jove! how well she would look on the stage! Those eyelashes themselves! that pose! What a pensive Marguerite, what a Lucia she would make!" He longed to rush up to town by the late train and rush upon his astonished partner, shouting, "I have found her!" "You will not deny me one more?" he said, turning to her with glowing eyes.

Poor silly Lottie! She grew crimson with pleasure and excitement, pale with excitement and feeling. What did she know about the young fellow's motives? She knew only that he had kept watch at her window, lounging about for a glimpse of her, a thing which to be sure explains itself; and that every note she sang seemed to make him happier and happier, and more and more adoring. The incense was delicious to her. She had never had it before (except perhaps from poor young Purcell — a nobody! what did he matter?), and the happiness of flattered vanity and soothed pride raised her to a pinnacle and climax of soft delight, such as she had never thought possible. It seemed almost more than Lottie could bear. Even Lady Caroline was so flattered by the plaudits addressed to her on the entertainment she had provided for her guests, that a sense of superior discrimination came over her placid mind, pleasantly exciting its tranquillity. "Yes, I knew that she was going to have a beautiful voice," she said. And she smiled, and accepted the thanks with an agreeable sense that she had deserved them. As for Rollo Ridsdale, it was he who got Miss Despard's shawl and wrapped her in it when the dreadful moment came, as he said, for her departure.

"You have no carriage; you live on the other side of the way; then you must permit me to see you to your door," he said, "and to thank you once more for all the pleasure you have given me. This will be a white day in my recollection; I shall begin the dates in my history from the time when I first heard —"

"Mr. Ashford is going Miss Despard's way. And, Rollo, your aunt wants you, I think. We have all been so much delighted that we have forgotten the progress of time, and Lady Caroline is not very strong. Mr. Ashford," said the dean, "I am sure we may leave to you the privilege of seeing Miss Despard to her own door."

"And I am here," said the signor. Nevertheless, poor Lottie felt as if she had stepped suddenly out of heaven to earth again when she found herself between the musician and the minor canon outside the Deanery door.

CHAPTER VI.

LAW.

LAW went with his sister dutifully to the door in the great cloister. He did not care much for the honor and glory of going to the Deanery, but he was pleased to walk with Lottie in her pretty evening dress with the roses in her hair. This gave him a certain gratification and sense of family pride, though he scoffed at that sentiment in general. Law did not feel that on the whole he had much to be proud of. Still, he was proud of Lottie, who was a creature quite out of the common, and like nobody else he had ever seen. He waited till the Deanery door was opened to her. That was a world of which Law knew nothing, and did not want to know anything. How Lottie had managed to get among these fine people, and why she liked to get among them, were equally strange to him. He admired her for the first, and wondered at her for the last. She was the only lady belonging to the chevaliers who had ever got footing in the Deanery; and this was just like Lottie, just what he would have expected from her, he said to himself; but how she could stand those old fogies, with their pride and their finery, that was what he could not tell. All the same, it gave him a certain gratification to leave her there in her element among the great people. And when the door closed upon him Law went off about his own business. He went through the cloister, and a curious little back cloister beyond — for there were many intricacies about the Abbey, the different degrees of the hierarchy being

very distinct, one cloister for the chapter, another for the minor people, and a third for the lay clerks. He went through the little square of the minor cloister, and came out upon a stone staircase which abridged the slopes of St. Michael's Hill, and led straight down into the town. The lights had begun to be lighted in the picturesque street which wound round the foot of the hill; they twinkled here and there in the shops opposite, and appeared in glimmers in the villages across the river. The dim, misty plain lying doubly broad in the twilight, stretching out vaguely to the sky, was here and there defined by one of those twinkles which showed where a group of houses stood together. The town was all out in the streets and on the river this lovely evening: boats floating dimly about the stream, people walking vaguely up and down the hill. And the air was filled with pleasant, soft, uncertain sounds of talking, of footsteps, now and then the clocks chiming or striking, and a bugle sounding faint and far from where the soldiers were quartered, for there was a military dépôt not far off. Law stopped at the head of the Steps, as they were called, and looked down over all this scene. The mere notion of being out in the *grand air*, as the French call it, with somehow a fuller sense of space and width than we can find a word for, was pleasant to Law; but if he paused, it was neither to enjoy the picture before him, nor was it because he had no definite place to go to. He knew very well where he was going. No vagueness on that point was in his mind, and he did not care a brass farthing for the landscape; but he paused at the head of the steps and looked about, just as a child will pause before eating his cake, a pause of anticipation and spiritual enjoyment of the dainty before it goes to his lips. Then he ran down the steps three at a time, skimming down the long flights, turning the corners like a bird. To take care of his sister had been duty, but Law was about his own business now.

What was Law's business? In all St. Michael's there was not a more idle boy. He was over eighteen, and he did nothing. Vague hopes that he would get some appointment — that something would turn up for him — that he would suddenly awake and find himself in an office somehow, doing something and making money — had been in his own mind and that of his family all his life. Law had no objection. Had some one taken him and set him down at once in any office, it was quite possible that he might have done the best he could in his place, and succeeded as

well as most men; but in the mean time there were a great many preliminaries to go through, for which Law had never been required or encouraged to fit himself. In these days of examination, when the pitifullest little bit of an office builds up those prickly thorns, those red-hot ploughshares before its door, how was he to get into any office without education? He had spent all his earlier years, as has been seen, in eluding school as cleverly as possible, and doing as little as he could of his lessons; and now here he was on the verge of manhood, with nothing to do and no great wish to do anything; a great, straight, powerful young fellow, without any absolute aim or tendency to evil, but good for nothing, not capable of anything, with neither purpose nor object in his life. He could row very well when any one would give him an oar. He was not amiss at cricket when any one asked him to play. He could walk with any man, and had won a race or two, and was quite capable of competing for a high jump, or for throwing a cricket-ball, or any of those useful accomplishments; but as for anything else he was not capable. He hated books with that sincere and earnest hatred which seems possible only to those who know books to be the preliminary of everything — a peculiarity of this examining age. Never before surely was such a candid and thorough detestation of the tools of knowledge possible. Law knew that no door could possibly open to him without them, and therefore he hated and despised them, illogically, no doubt, but very cordially all the same; and so went drifting along upon the stream, not asking what was to become of him, never thinking much of the subject, though he suffered greatly from want of pocket-money, and would gladly have made some exertion from time to time to obtain that, had he known what to do.

This want of pocket-money is the grand drawback to the education or no education of the youths of the nineteenth century. So long as they can have enough of that, what a pleasant life is theirs! For it does you no particular harm to be supposed to be "working for an examination," so long as you don't work much for that, and are exempted, for the sake of it, from all other kinds of work. Boating and cricketing and running races, and every kind of exercise, are known nowadays to be compatible with the hardest mental labor, and he is a stern parent indeed who interferes with his son's training in such essential points. But all these delights

are more or less dependent upon pocket-money. Law, whose bread and cheese had never yet failed, and whose conscience was not active, would have found his life quite pleasant but for that; but it was hard upon him not to be able to pay his subscription to a cricket-club, nor the hire of a boat, nor even the entry-money for a race, though that was sure to repay itself abundantly if he won it. This was very hard upon him, and often stimulated him to the length of a resolution that he would work to-morrow and conquer all his subjects, and "scrape through" by sheer force of will, so as to have an income of his own. But the habit of idleness unfortunately overcame the resolution next morning, which was a pity, and Law "loafed," as he himself said, not being able to afford to "do anything." It is needless to inform the instructed who have to do with youths working for examinations, that it is cricket and boating and athletics these heroes mean when they talk of "having something to do."

Law, however, had a pleasure before him which had no connection with pocket-money. He went straight down with the directness of habit, till he came to a lane very tortuous and narrow, crowded with builders'-yards and coal-merchants, and affording glimpses of the little wharves where a little traffic was carried on, edging the river. Threading his way through them, he came to a red-brick house, the front of which overhung the stream with its projecting gable. Law went in through a door which stood open always, and showed signs of much and constant use. There were lodgings up-stairs, which were very pleasant in summer, and which were always let, and made a very comfortable item in the earnings of the family; but it was not up-stairs that Law went, though that would have done him good. On the first floor, in the room with the square window, which overlooked and indeed overhung the river, the excellent curate was living with whom Law occasionally "read," and to whom no doubt he would have said he was going had Lottie seen him at this door. But Law had no intention of disturbing the curate, who for his part did not want his pupil. He passed the staircase altogether, and pushed open a green baize door, beyond which was a short passage leading into a room, all ablaze with gas. The door of the room was wide open, and so were the windows, to admit all the air that was possible, and round the large table between sat three or four young women working and talking.

They were very busy; the great table was covered with silk and muslin, and all kinds of flimsy trimming, and though they chatted they were working as for bare life. As Law sauntered in they all looked up for a moment, and threw a smile or a nod or half a dozen words at him, but scarcely intermitted a stitch. "We're awful busy; we can't so much as look at you; we've got some wedding things to finish for to-morrow," said one fair-haired girl who seemed specially to appropriate his visit. She pushed her chair a little aside without pausing in her work, as if accustomed to make room for him; and Law took a chair and placed it sideways, so that he could lean his idle elbow on the table between this busy needlewoman and the rest. Perhaps as a stormy sea gives zest to the enjoyment of tranquillity on shore, so the extreme occupation of this workroom made him feel his own absolute leisure more delightful.

"Who is going to be married?" he said.

"Oh, you know just as well as I do. I am sure you have heard us talking of it for the last week. Polly, didn't you tell Mr. Despard all about it? It's a lady, you know. It's Miss Hare at the Golden Eagle, who is one of your papa's great friends. I don't know what the captain will do when she's gone. Polly, do you?"

"I don't know what the captain has to do with her, nor me neither," said the young lady at the head of the table. The rest of the girls were sisters, with fair frizzy locks a little out of order after the long day's work, what with the warmth of the room, and the fluttering of the faint breeze from the river that ruffled the well-crimped tresses. But Polly was of a different stamp. She had a mountain of dark brown hair upon her head in plaits and curls and puffs innumerable, and though she was sallow in complexion, had commanding features, a grand aquiline nose, and brilliant eyes. "The captain nor me, we haven't much to say to that sort," said Polly. "I don't go with them that has a word and a laugh for everybody. What I like is a young lady that respects herself. If you work for your living, that's not to say that you ain't as good as the best of them. Stick up for yourself, and other folks will think of you according, that's what I say."

"I am sure Miss Hare always sticks up for herself," said the girl by Law's side. "Going to be married in a veil, like one of the quality!"

"And so would I, if it was me," cried Polly. "The quality! What are they

better than us, only they've got a pocketful of money? If I was the queen, I'd do away with them all. I'd be the queen, and all the rest should be the people. There shouldn't be one more than another, or one greater than another, only me. And then shouldn't I do whatever I pleased, and cut off their heads if they said a word?"

This instinctive perception of the secret of despotism made Law laugh, who thought he knew a great deal better. "It would be a funny world with Queen Polly over it," he said. "I hope you'd take me for your prime minister."

Polly gave him a look of saucy malice. "I'd take the captain," she said.

"Has he been here to-night, Emma? I think he's always coming here," said Law, under his breath. It was a kind of growl which the young fellow gave out when he spoke low, in the voice which not very long ago had been treble, a soprano, as clear and pure as Lottie's—but it was extremely bass now.

"He wants to know," said Emma, with a glance at the others as she pinned her work straight, "if the captain has been here;" upon which there was a chorus of laughter, making Law red and angry. He turned upon them with a furious look.

"I should like to know how you would all like it," said the boy, "if your governor were to come poking in the very same place where —"

"Oh, you may make yourself quite easy, Mr. Lawrence," said Polly, with a toss of her elaborately-dressed head. "He don't meddle with you. The captain is a man of taste, he ain't a boy like some folks. He knows what's what, the captain does. Other girls may have their fancies; I don't say anything against that, but give me a man as knows the world, and knows what he wants. That's the sort for me."

"She gets more insufferable than ever. I wonder how you can put up with her," said Law under his breath.

"Doesn't she!" said Emma in a whisper. "I wish she had never come into our workroom; but she has taste, mother says, and we have to put up with it. Everything has to give way to the work," the girl added, threading her needle; and as she made a knot upon the end of the new thread, she shook her head with a sigh.

Everything has to give way to the work! Law could not but smile, feeling the superiority of his gentlemanhood. With him it was the work that gave way to everything. "Poor little Em!" he said, with

a little laugh. She was only seventeen, a year younger than he was; her fore-finger, was seamed into furrows with her needle, and sometimes bled, which called forth no sympathy, but only scoldings, from the forewoman or her mother, when an unlucky red mark appeared on a hem. Emma did not very much mind the scoldings, which came natural to her, and she never made any comparison of herself with Law. He was a *gentleman*, that made all the difference. And it was a great deal nicer, and much more important, to have such a fine fellow to keep company with, than a young painter or carpenter, or even a tailor, which was what 'Liza had to be content with. Mr. Despard was a very different sort of person. As Law whispered to her, Emma felt her heart swell with pride. She went on with her work all the same, sometimes threatening to prick him with the needle which was at the end of that long thread. Emma was only "running a skirt," not trusted as yet with the more difficult parts of the work, and she pointed her needle at Law's nose when he came too close. But it was very sweet to her to have him there. Polly might brag as she pleased of the captain—the captain was old, and what was the good of him? He did nothing but puff Polly up with pride, the younger girls thought, and nothing would ever come of it. But Law was young, and there was no telling what might come of that. Emma threatened him with her needle, but in her heart was very proud of him. And there he sat and talked to her, while Lottie was having her little triumph among all the fine people at the rectory. The Welting girls were all pleased to have Law there. They liked to talk of Mr. Despard, "from the castle," and how they "could not keep him out of their workroom." By-and-by they began to joke about his idleness, the only idle one among so busy a company. "Can't you give him something simple to do—a skirt to run up or a long hem?" "Oh yes," said Emma. "Do, Polly, he bothers me so I can't get my skirt done." Polly opened her drawer and drew out from it the current number of a distinguished periodical, which all these young women admired.

"I'll tell you what he can do," she said, "and make himself useful—for we've got to sit up all night a'most, and there's nothing makes work go like reading out loud. Mr. Lawrence, if you want to be as good as your professions, and help us young ladies on, as are far harder worked than the like of you knows of even, there's the

last number of the *Family Herald*, and we're all that anxious we don't know how to bear it, to hear how Lady Araminta got on——"

"Oh, give it me," said Emma, with her eyes sparkling. "Oh, give it me! Oh, you nasty, cruel creature, to have it in your drawer all the time, and never to tell!"

"I'll give it to Mr. Despard," said Polly; "and we'll all be done half as soon again if he'll read it out loud——"

"Give it here," said Law with lordly good-nature, and he began at once upon his task. How the needles flew as he read! Lady Araminta was a wonderful heroine. She wore nothing less than velvet and satin, and carried her diamonds about with her wherever she went, and the title-deeds of her estate in the bosom of her dress. Law leaned his long arm on the table, sometimes pausing to take breath and playing with Emma's pins and cotton. He would thus tantalize them now and then, when the story grew most exciting and his auditors most breathless. He was *bon prince* among them all, very good-natured and willing to please them, though Emma had his special vows. His head was not so much turned as was the head of virtuous Lottie, listening to the applause of Mr. Rollo Ridsdale, but he was very happy with this little court about him all the same.

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NATURAL RELIGION.

X.

THE instinct on which we pride ourselves in political contests seems to desert us in religious. In politics we firmly grasp the principle that the issue must always be practical, never merely logical or speculative. We steadfastly put aside the question, Is this or that true? and as steadfastly keep before our eyes the question, Ought this or that to be done? It is curious to see that in the great religious debate of the day the opposite course is followed, and that it is supposed to be a proof of a masculine way of thinking to put aside the question what ought to be done until the public has made up its mind what is true.

We find ourselves surrounded in religion, as in polity, with a vast and ancient system of institutions. Each system has its practical object. If by the political system we defend ourselves against our

enemies, and preserve order and shelter industry, so by the religious we have been in the habit of cherishing by co-operation the higher life among us, of worshipping together, of receiving instruction together in the highest matters. Now as to the political system, we have been perfectly well aware that it was a makeshift, that other systems elsewhere might be intrinsically better — nay, we have had no objection to admit that the theory upon which our political constitution was for long periods supposed to rest, might be radically false. And yet we have always steadily refused to entertain the question of pulling this system down and building up another in its place. For a long time we absolutely refused to reform it, for fear of shaking its foundation; and now that we have overcome this timidity, we find that a process of gradual reform may save us the risk and anxiety that would attend all schemes of destructive criticism and fundamental reconstruction.

It would have been possible to proceed in another way. We might have given to dogma the same importance in politics that it has had in religion. Suppose we had formulated in the sixteenth century the principles or beliefs which we supposed to lie at the basis of our national constitution. Suppose we had made a political creed. A very strange creed it would have been! The doctrine of divine right and the power of kings to cure disease, possibly too the whole legend of Brute and the derivation of our state from Troy would have appeared in it. This creed once formulated would have come to be regarded as the dogmatic basis upon which our constitution rested. Then in time criticism would have begun its work, philosophy would have set aside divine right, science would have exploded the belief about the king's evil, historical criticism would have shaken the traditionary history, and each innovation would have been regarded as a blow dealt at the constitution of the country. At last it would have come to be generally thought that the constitution was undermined, that it had been found unable to bear the light of modern science. Men would begin publicly to renounce the constitution; officials would begin to win great applause by resigning their posts from conscientious doubts about the personality of King Arthur; and those who continued orthodox would declare that they felt more respect for such persons, much as they deplored their heresies, than they could feel for other officials who continued to receive

the emoluments of the State when it was suspected that they had altogether ceased to believe in the cure of the king's evil, and when they explained away with the most shameless laxity the divine right of the sovereign. If any of this latter school, whom we may call the Broad State, should argue that the State was a practical institution, not a sect of people united by holding the same opinions, that it existed to save the country from invasion and houses from burglary, they would be regarded as impudent sophists. Was not the creed there? Were not all officials required to subscribe it? How then could it be affirmed that the State did not stand upon community of opinion, upon dogma? And if any of these sophists were evidently not impudent, but well-meaning and high-minded, they would be regarded as wanting in masculine firmness and the courage to face disagreeable truths. It would be generally agreed that the honest and manly course was to press the controversy firmly to a conclusion, to resist all attempts to confuse the issue, and to keep the public steadily to the fundamental points. Has the sovereign, or has he not, a divine right? Can he, or can he not, cure disease by his touch? Was the country, or was it not, colonized by fugitives from Troy? And if at last the public should come by general consent to decide these questions in the negative, then it would be felt that no weak sentiment ought to be listened to, no idle gratitude to the constitution for having, perhaps, in past times saved the country from Spanish or French invasion; that all such considerations ought sternly to be put aside as irrelevant; that as honest men we were bound to consider, not whether the constitution was useful or interesting, or the like, but whether it was *true*, and if we could not any longer say with our hands on our hearts that it was so, then, in the name of eternal truth, to renounce it and bid it farewell!

In spite of its logical appearance, we should all feel that this course was not only practically absurd, but actually illogical. It does not follow because a creed has been put forward as the basis of an institution and this creed has been disproved that the institution has been deprived of its foundation. There is another alternative. An ungrounded claim may have been made for the creed, and the institution may really stand upon quite a different foundation. When we are told nowadays, See how the tide of scepticism has risen round the creeds of the Church,

until the very first article of all is just disappearing beneath the waves! what can possibly remain of the Church, or of Christianity, in this spiritual deluge? It is obvious to answer, Christianity at rate is older than the creeds; is it not possible that a mistake was made when it was supposed that those creeds contained the very essence of Christianity? Surely this is a thing not even unlikely; for history shows that great societies or institutions, rising out of profound needs dimly felt, commonly give a more or less unsatisfactory account of their own origin. It was never supposed that imperial Rome was destroyed when doubt was thrown on the story of the asylum, or papal Rome, when it was questioned whether St. Peter was ever in Italy.

But what we feel most when we are considering political questions is the practical absurdity of this scholastic, dogmatic way of proceeding. To ask a large public to constitute itself into a jury to decide philosophical or critical questions is to put it into a false position. *Ignoramus* is the only verdict which, if it is modest, it will venture in such a case to return. Their views on such matters people must take with what caution they can from those who know better, and they may be sure that they will modify them in the taking, so that the most carefully stated philosophical propositions will acquire something of a mythological character in passing into popular creeds. We are aware in politics that we are only safe in discussing what ought to be done, and that we must carefully avoid raising the question, What is philosophically true? And so, though we are well aware that the State must have a philosophical basis, that there must be some theoretical ground both for authority and liberty, yet we carefully put all these questions aside, and feel that the State is real and indestructible only so long as we see that it defends us, that it gives us prosperity and well-being.

It is not equally easy to maintain this position with respect to our religious constitution. The wants which the State supplies are so urgent and palpable, that in comparison with them all mere political doctrines seem secondary; but the wants of the higher life, on the contrary, are by most of us but dimly felt, and seem shadowy, or, as we call it, sentimental, in comparison with theological dogma. Hence the same public which despises doctrinairism in politics is just as decided and united in despising everything but doc-

trinairism in religion: It is, in fact, so decided on this point, that it will scarcely listen to argument about it, and seems incapable even of a passing suspicion that it may be wrong. With the same contemptuous laugh with which in politics it puts aside abstract theories for practical needs, it refuses in religion to listen to practical views, and thinks it masculine to look only at articles of technical theology attacked and defended by controversial specialists.

Yet a time will naturally come when men's eyes will be opened to their enormous mistake. Perhaps, indeed, this time is now coming, for it is necessarily brought nearer by every apparent victory of the attacking party in the controversy. So long as the reigning theology maintains itself successfully, no practical question comes in view; but no sooner does it appear shaken than the question occurs, What is to be done? and the assailants themselves, embarrassed by their own success, are compelled, if only for decency's sake, to offer some equivalent for what they destroy. In such moments it flashes upon us all that religion belongs just as little as politics to the schools, and that the concern of practical men in the one department as much as in the other is not with scholastic controversies but with urgent practical needs, and that they deal not with a *tabula rasa* on which a new spiritual house might be built up from the foundation on a new design, but with an ancient house in which we have all lived for centuries, and which it would be exceedingly troublesome and uncomfortable, if not impious, to pull to the ground.

The doctrinaire method might indeed be justified by necessity if certain assumptions which are popularly made were true. If the clergy were right in supposing that they were commissioned to defend an immovable fortress of dogma, that in the original scheme of their religion no allowance was made for such a thing as progress, then indeed it would be impossible for them to regard the spiritual wants of man in the same plain, practical way in which the politician studies those more material wants which are supplied by the State. On this question, however, we need say nothing more; we have dwelt long enough already on that which is too evident to be mistaken, that in the original scheme of Christianity nothing is so grand and admirable as the treatment of progress, no point so capital as the further development which is reserved for the

system, and the indefinite vista which is opened in the future of new dispensations not less divine than the old. It is too evident to be mistaken, that, so far from the clerical school being fettered by the terms of their original charter so that they are not allowed to be progressive though they would, it is the narrowness of their own prejudices, the exclusiveness of their own professional pedantry, which reads itself into the Bible, and petrifies and fossilizes what is there full of vitality. But there is a misconception on the opposite side which hinders the attacking party from taking practical views, just as this hinders the clerical party of defence. They think that, though in the State it is quite possible to leave speculative questions in abeyance and proceed at once with practical reforms, this is only because those speculative questions do not affect the essence of the State, about which there is really no difference of opinion; but that it is not possible in the Church, where the question in dispute concerns those fundamental beliefs without which there cannot be a Church, actually the very existence of God and of a future life. However we might decide our disputes in political philosophy, they think it would be still necessary to have law courts and policemen, still essential to pay soldiers to keep off the enemy, and still highly convenient to have a post-office to carry our letters; but if on the contrary the religious debate should go against the Church, we should be obliged at last to pull down our pulpits and sell off our communion-tables, inscribe "eternal sleep" upon our cemeteries, suppress the clerical profession, add the Sunday to the working-days, turn our churches into halls for local business and our cathedrals into county markets or concert-halls, and explain to boys at school and youths at the university that, owing to an unfortunate oversight, the human race had taken a wrong path for about eighteen centuries, during which time it had been practically under a sort of mental derangement, and that now it was necessary to forget as soon as possible that idle dream, cancel the whole library of ecclesiastical history and ecclesiastical literature, and begin again at the point where Greek philosophy and classical literature stood when the Oriental inundation submerged them. This fancy too begins to seem a misconception the more the moment draws near for realizing it. There is really no more question of destroying religion than of destroying the State. The wildest inno-

vators in their wildest fit have recognized this. They always set up some goddess of reason, some image of nature if not some supreme being, in place of the objects of worship which they renounced; and since that time how many more concessions of the same kind have been made by those who have been most uncompromising in their attacks on the reigning theology! Churches of the future have been planned in which the old Church has been freely used as a model, the centuries of Christian history have been found to be replete with admirable instruction — instruction to be found nowhere else; it has been discovered that our modern civilization has grown up, not in spite of the Christian Church, but out of and by means of it. Forms of worship adapted for the Church of the future are in preparation or expected, and it is thought that even though death be in reality an eternal sleep, yet it will not in the long run be advisable to say so; but that we must resort again to those "evasive tropes," of "subjective immortality," or "posthumous activity," or the like, which poor humanity has positively never had the fortitude to dispense with since the day when the shade of Achilles reproved Ulysses for "calling death out of its name."

Assuredly many more concessions of the same kind will be made in the future. As the sceptics, who hitherto have had all the irresponsibility of opposition, begin to familiarize themselves with the practical aspect of the subject, they will discover that many dogmas, many phrases to which they have urged abstract objections, may yet practically be quite well allowed to pass, and at times they will feel ashamed of the tastelessness of their captiousness, which has mistaken poetry and prophecy for logic, and criticised the visions of enthusiastic hope as if they were meant for simple matter of fact. Their conversion would be greatly hastened by a little more generosity on the part of their opponents. If it were acknowledged not merely that much of what is urged in the name of modern science may be true even though it seems opposed to clerical formularies, but that it may be actually that addition to our religious knowledge, that further revelation which Christianity itself promises, then it would become still more readily comprehensible that the religious controversy of the age is not the internecine thing it seems to be, and that there is no reason to suppose that it ought to take precedence of all practical religious re-

forms, and ought to be settled before they can be seriously attended to.

Much has been said of a reconciliation between religion and science upon the ground of speculative controversy; but the terms proposed have generally involved the complete submission of one side or the other, with just some slight salve for its wounded vanity. In speculative controversy, where the only object is speculative truth, all such transactions are corrupt and illusory. What is needed is no such reconciliation between the specialists on both sides, but a proper contempt for the specialists on the part of practical men. Just as in great political crises the lawyers have been pushed on one side, so in great religious crises should the theologians and the scientists. And this would promptly be done if we had the same grasp of the substance of religion which in some countries men have had of the substance of politics. For then we should know that it is the nature of the specialist to be one-sided, that he pays for his special knowledge in a peculiar ignorance of the value and the bearings of it, and that he can scarcely escape, even if he would, from the position and views of an advocate. Do we suppose that religion will be the better for being made the subject of an endless professional litigation? Will not the estate be swallowed up in the costs of the suit?

What this substance of religion is, these papers have been intended to make clear. They have labored to show that no dogmas whatever, not even that of a future life, not even that of a (so-called) personal God, are of such importance that religious life must be suspended, practical religious reforms adjourned until the professional disputants can come to a conclusion about them; nay, that Christianity itself does not depend upon them so absolutely as is supposed. It is true, that if there is no future life for man the value of the present life sinks so much, that any kind of earnestness begins to seem affected and uncalled for, all moral systems and disciplines seem a waste of trouble; but even then we should remain Christians rather than anything else; even then, practical men would call it wise to make the best of a spiritual constitution, in which "nineteen hundred years have garnered up their hopes and fears," which has actually brought together, nursed, and educated to civilization, all the progressive races — which has amassed for mankind an inestimable treasure of sacred memories, sacred thought, sacred imagination — rather than to supersede it by another, which after all the exhausting

convulsions of the Revolution could teach nothing which could not be equally well taught now if the progressive character of Christianity were once restored to it. But if we stop at all short of the absolute negation of a future life — if we only think with Mr. Mill the hope of it worth studious cherishing, then it becomes at once frivolous to allow the disputes of the schools to interrupt us in the work of removing the corruptions and improving the machinery by which the higher life, by which religion, is kept alive and spread among populations always gravitating downwards towards the life of the beaver, or fox, or swine.

There is but one consideration that could make us think otherwise, and it need not affect us much in England. When a religious system, great and true in its first conception, has merely fallen into the hands of a profession, and so been crippled and made petty, sentimental, and childish, nothing is needed but to rescue and restore it. But it may no doubt sink lower, so that its intrinsic merits can no longer save it, nay, positively increase the necessity of destroying it. If we looked at Christianity with the eyes of a French Liberal, if we saw it not merely hampered by a feeble clericalism, but made the tool of a powerful and subtle sacerdotalism, the case would be very different. Then we might say, it concerns us little what the original character of Christianity may have been. It comes before us as part and parcel of a system which crushes us. If it was originally beautiful and glorious, so much the worse; our enemy is made all the more mischievous by being dressed in such charms. We cannot afford to do it justice when we meet it in company with that which threatens us with destruction. An echo of this is heard in our English religious controversies. Charges are brought against Christianity which have no meaning here, but would be quite reasonable where Christianity is practically convertible with Ultramontaniam and Jesuitism. English Liberalism confounds its cause too much with the Liberalism of the Continent, and talks wildly, as if it were struggling with an organized cosmopolitan priesthood; nay, it actually turns against a Church dependent on the State the arguments and the invective which were originally used against a Church whose offence it is to have practically deprived the State of its independence. A foreign definition of Christianity has crept in among us which identifies it with the organized Church of the Middle Ages. Such a definition is wholly out of place in a country

which has for centuries drawn its religious inspiration from the Bible. To our people, the Church of the Middle Ages, that Church against the survival of which Continental Liberalism struggles, is a thing which would be unknown, even by tradition, but for some cathedrals which witness of its glory, and for Smithfield memories, which attest the fierceness of its last struggles. The Christianity which has influenced us so powerfully, and is still so fresh in all our minds, has scarcely anything in common with that mediæval Church. It has, in fact, scarcely any connection with the Middle Ages. Its Bible is not a mediæval book, but a book of the ancient world restored to general use and knowledge in the Renaissance. Our popular Christianity has its beginning where mediævalism ends; its earliest traditions are of a struggle like that of modern Liberalism against spiritual tyranny; the great occurrences in its history are emancipations, resistances, heroic achievements, the defeat of the Armada, the Covenant, the voyage of the "Mayflower," the emancipation of the slave. Priestly influence has here and there played a great part in it, as in Scotland; but the staple of its history, as of its Bible, deals with a resistance to priestly influence, and sets up the prophet against the priest or the scribe.

Let us not passively echo the party brawls of other countries as if we had not party brawls enough of our own. And let us not allow our own religious life to sink into a mere party brawl. Party life just now is at a low ebb among us, as well as religious life. There is a strong feeling that each may be enlivened a little by contact with the other. Sometimes we think we could almost feel religious again if we had a good squabble about a conscience clause. Sometimes, on the other hand, we feel that we should have more enjoyment of our Liberalism if there were a Church to disestablish. Surely cynicism could scarcely be carried to a greater length than in the recent suggestion that the Liberal party might get back to office if the Nonconformists could see their way to an organized onslaught upon the Church.

If we sweep away the cobwebs of inherited prejudices and inveterate partisanship, we shall see at the bottom of these Church controversies a practical question of vast importance which there is hope of solving by union, but not by disunion. We see the struggle of the lower with the higher life.

If this phrase, lower life, or the old relig-

ious phrase, world, seems vague, let us translate them into the language of plain facts. We mean then that each class of society shows in its own way that when the mere cares of livelihood are satisfied, or if they are not felt, it does not know how to pass the time. In other words, it has no life beyond that of the animal. Is it vague to say that the lower classes *will* go to the public-house? This means that when they have their wages they can think of nothing else which they would like to do but to drink and chat. Is it vague to say that the middle class in general is given up to money-making, that the small part of their life which is otherwise occupied falls into humdrum uniformity without charm or freshness; that they measure men's worth and importance by their wealth, and that in choosing the occupation by which money is to be made they are generally ready to renounce any inborn preference or vocation for the chance of making a larger sum? Is it vague to say of the higher classes that they appear to have lost the high ambitions which used once not to be uncommon among them, that they are neither performing great public services nor setting the example they might set of a dignified, beautiful, and beneficent life, but, their animal wants being satisfied, appear to desire nothing further except amusement for the passing hour, and strong sensations that may keep off ennui?

This is the want; what is wanted is the higher life. Now all Church organizations whatsoever exist for no other purpose than to supply it, to foster the growth of such life in men, to give it food and exercise. Churches are *not* societies of men bound together by holding the same opinions. No fancy more idle ever passed into a commonplace. Holding the same opinions is not in itself a tie to bind men together. If they agree, why should they come together? It is rather when people differ that they desire to meet. Churches are united as other societies are by a practical object, which is the desire to save men's souls. If indeed we allow a clergy to garble this phrase, and to persuade us that our souls are not threatened by the danger which is visible to all, the danger of being drowned in worldliness or animalism, but by quite another danger which we should never have found out but for a supernatural revelation, and which is to be avoided, not by the means which our higher instincts point out, but by quaint processes which seem to have something of magic about them, then no

doubt a Church will come practically to mean the society of people who have been induced to believe this story. But this too is a consideration which is of little importance in England. The religious writers of the last age—a Maurice and others—have broken the neck of that superstition. It is widely diffused through all schools, and has passed into our religious atmosphere, that the heaven beyond the grave and the higher life here are identical, and that the revelation of Christianity is not different in substance from the revelation which comes everywhere in advanced societies to the higher minds. "Soul," and "saving the soul," mean the same thing in a Christian mouth, and in the mouth of any one who takes a high view of life. Without signing any articles we may all take our place in the organizations which have this for their object.

If so, then let us look to see what progress they have made in their work. The vast achievements of the great spiritual heads of humanity strike the eye at once. They have removed the first great difficulties which philosophy might have continued always powerless to deal with. They have cleared a free space for the higher life to expand in. They have made room for it both in time and space. They have claimed for man's higher life a seventh part of his lifetime. They have set up everywhere the church, the Parliament-house of the spiritual State, and they have created the clergy, the official class or administrators of the higher life. The beginnings are made here, but it should have been a matter of course that these were only beginnings. It should have been a matter of course that the work thus begun would need to be developed through centuries, that innovations and changes would be needed in each successive age, that the higher life itself would be found subject to variation and development, and that into ecclesiastical machinery as into political, abuses would creep, that here too usurpations of authority would be committed, and that there would be need to investigate a science of spiritual as of civil government.

But we have adopted quite another and perfectly irrational view of the subject. When we meet with deficiencies or abuses in this department, instead of considering how they may be supplied or corrected, it is our habit to wash our hands of the whole matter, sanctimoniously expressing our regret that we have not found ideal perfection where for some inexplicable reason we had looked for it. We adopt

the same vicious method which we love to reprobate in the politics of foreign countries. Instead of persistent activity, unwearied good temper, and timely reform, we adopt a policy of cold abstention and ironical reticence calculated to end in revolution. When we find the clergy monopolizing, as an official class will always strive to do, all functions, we do not resist them but take our revenge by remarking to ourselves with malicious pleasure that in reducing the laity to ciphers they are committing an unconscious suicide and are destroying themselves by destroying the Church. When rival priesthoods tear each other to pieces, we are not alarmed lest the higher life itself should suffer, but rather amused because it gives us occasion to furbush up again some rusty sarcasms. And yet we do not really, if we will ask ourselves the question, wish to see all Churches fall into ruin; we do not really think that it would be convenient to begin again from the beginning; we shrink, when we take the trouble to reflect upon it, from the infinite discomfort that such a revolution would involve, from the despair it would cause to thousands at the time, and the well-nigh incurable prostration and debility it would leave behind it.

The practical question, if we can bring ourselves to take a practical view, is this: religion or the higher life starts with two great acquisitions,—what is the best use that can be made of them? There is the Sunday, and there are all the churches and chapels in Christendom with the machinery and *personnel* attached to them. We are not to begin by adding the Sunday to the week-days, secularizing all the churches, and unfrocking all the parsons in order that perhaps afterwards we may create a new set of institutions which will certainly be of the same kind. And if not, then it follows that we are not to help the Churches to destroy themselves. We are not to make a ring round the clerical pugilists and applaud their pugnacity; nor are we to say with studied decorum that we decline to assume any responsibility, only if the Churches see their way to committing suicide we are ready to lend them any assistance in our power and to place our party organizations at their disposal. But we are to consider how these great institutions may be put to the best use, how they may be most wisely reformed; and if we find that clerical cliques have got complete possession and control of them, then to resist such usurpation by ordinary temperate methods.

Why then do these two great institutions, the Sunday and the Church, fail of their object? In a country where all enjoy them, why should the higher life remain asleep? A large space is cleared for it. Business is forbidden to absorb the whole field of our life. Why should nothing better grow there? Why should nothing but frivolity, or dulness, or, in a lower class, drinking, fill the hours that are not spent in labor? It is evident, surely, that though we have cleared the field we have not tilled it, though we have got the room we have not furnished it. The Sunday is there, but how terribly dull it is! The Church is there, but who can bring himself to listen to the parson? And yet it is not any defect in the quality of the food offered to it that makes the higher life languish. If not the parson's sermon, yet the sublime Book, the work of ages, and many a lofty liturgy devised in later times, are precisely what one could wish and much more than one could expect. The deficiency is in quantity and variety. The Book itself, though it contains so much, yet does not contain all that is needed. However elevated its language may be, yet it was written two thousand years ago. We confess its insufficiency when we supplement it with a fresh discourse from a living mouth, but what a melancholy contrast between the inspired words of some ancient prophet, words for uttering which he suffered persecution from the professional orthodoxy of his time, and the modern sermon dictated and controlled by that very orthodoxy! But even if an Isaiah could speak from the pulpit as well as from the lectern, do we suppose that that alteration would suffice? Do we suppose that the higher life can live merely on exhortations, however true and impassioned.

When we complain of the deadness of the higher life among us, what is it that we want? What changes would satisfy us? It is when we ask this question that we recognize the pitifulness of the clerical ideal. Those devoted evangelists, whether of the High Church or the Low, are laboring to bring the population into what condition? If they could succeed, the doctrines of Darwin and Strauss would be forgotten as though they had never been broached. In other words, we should think of the universe and the Bible precisely as our fathers did, and all the thought and genius of the past age would appear to have been thrown away. Science would become a "Bridgewater Treatise," poetry would imitate the "Christian

Year," and popular literature would be governed by the Religious Tract Society. Who can picture this without seeing at the same time the irresistible mutiny that would follow in the next generation? Meanwhile our working-class, instead of being jolly drunkards, would come "under concern" about the state of their souls and listen to revival preachers; young men of the middle and upper classes would begin to take orders freely, legislation would begin to take an ecclesiastical tinge, and the public mind would be convulsed with new Gorham cases. Is this really what we want? Are these really the signs of His coming, and of a new birth of the higher life among us?

All this was pretty well realized about thirty years ago, and we have seen the insufficiency of it, and, what is more, we have lost it again. It is a paltry ideal, and one which cannot be held when it is grasped, simply because it is so flimsy. We are now all of us asking again, how shall the people be kept from the public-house? And some of us are asking also, how shall the dull Philistinism or emptiness of the other classes be healed? And we have made some steps towards the true solution. We say, it is not enough to tell people to be religious, you must occupy their minds and give them a taste for something better than drinking. And we get up penny readings and popular lectures and working-men's colleges. Dimly at the same time we see that the deficiencies of the better classes are radically of the same kind and require the same remedy. What takes the working-man to the public-house is the same defect which ties the city man to his desk and makes his life monotonous and unlovely. It is the ignorance of anything better,—the want of occupation for his higher life. And something begins to be done for him too. We have begun to purify the idea of culture, and to understand that we must present it for the future as something precious and beautiful in itself, and no longer merely as a means of success and money-making.

These are the new convictions which practical reformers have lately acquired. They have led to a practical rebellion against the clerical revival of the last age, for they amount to a conviction that no such revival can by itself regenerate the country. And the clergy are acknowledging this by enlarging their field, by taking into their province much which hitherto they regarded as secular. They do so under the plea that that which is in

itself secular, such as music, architecture, popular science, may be made indirectly serviceable to religion. But meanwhile a great change and advance of opinion has been taking place among the professors of the so-called secular pursuits thus newly patronized. The future historian, describing the present age of English history, will mark it as the period when the English mind first clearly grasped the ideas of art and science. Look at our present clear conception of art in its different varieties all equally to be honored, the poet recognizing himself as the colleague of the painter or musical composer in the same great guild, and see what a space has been traversed since music was scarcely known and painting regarded as an ungentlemanly pursuit, while poetry acknowledged no connection with the sister arts, but rather classed herself with wit or with learning. In like manner, what a change since science asserted herself with the commanding self-consciousness which now distinguishes her! Not long since she lay huddled up indistinguishably with metaphysics and Greek scholarship and theology. Now she proudly stands aloof from all such association, and declares herself called to regenerate the world. Both in the case of art and of science it is a consequence of the new distinctness with which they are now conceived that their dignity is greatly raised. They take a religious character. The artist would be ashamed to speak of himself as a humble caterer for the public amusement, as, for instance, a Walter Scott always did. He is now in a manner bound to exalt his art if not himself, and to call himself a priest of the religion of beauty. Nor can the latter any more be content to speak of science as an elegant and liberal pursuit; it is a point of honor with him now to proclaim himself a votary of the religion of the future.

It has been the object of these papers to piece together all these glimpses which in different quarters are opening upon the world, and divine the whole wide prospect which will shortly lie before us. When we see on the one side the clergy confessing the insufficiency, so to speak, of the fund upon which they draw, and adding to it, under various pretexts, much which they do not acknowledge to be religion; when we see, on the other hand, that precisely this new matter, which the clergy find they cannot do without, is at the very same time declared by those to whose province it belongs to have the character of religion, we are forced to some such conclusion as this:—

The old distinction between sacred and profane, religious and secular, was a perfectly just one, but a mistake was made in drawing the line. The line was so drawn as to leave art and science among things secular, whereas they belong properly to things religious. And consequently the great religious reform for which our age is ripe consists, in the full and free admission of art and science, their independence being at the same time preserved, to the honors of religion.

I remind the reader that this reform is only a restoration of the primitive view. In the vigorous periods of religion it is inseparable from science, and finds its manifestation in art, and the traces of this are clearly visible in our own religion. Our Bible begins with a cosmogony which was the science of the Jews. All our earliest art is about us in our cathedrals and churches. The schism that has happened since has not really arisen from any wish on the part of art or science to put off their religious character, but only to become independent of the religion of morality or humanity by which they were controlled. They did not wish to be secular, but to be independent religions. And independent they must still be, only they must be once more recognized as religions.

Practically, what would such a reform involve? It means that all our penny readings and well-meant but too humble efforts to keep the people out of the public-house by amusing them, should be developed into that which they implicitly contain, namely, a full initiation of the whole people in the religion of art; and in like manner that all our popular lectures, schemes of technical education, and so forth, should be developed into such a general initiation as is possible into the religion of science. It means also that art and science in being recognized as religious should be made free of the Sunday; and that, in order to avoid a most deplorable breach with all that is sacred in the past, a most sad quarrel with our dead forefathers, the new institutions should not conquer their place by aggression upon the parish church and clergy, but should be welcomed to it by their cordial invitation.

How many hesitating steps are constantly taken in this direction! Even Evangelicals admit what High Churchmen have so long held, that religious services must become what they call more attractive. Here and there we have seen science classes opened in connection with cathedrals, clergymen lecturing on politi-

cal economy. Something has even been attempted towards a reconciliation between religion and the theatre. And there is one conspicuous case in which the attempt, made in this case centuries ago, has had most important consequences. By means of the oratorio a really fruitful alliance between religion and music was long since concluded. But it is not precisely such alliance as this that is here contemplated. The question is not how Christianity may draw the arts as captives in her triumphal procession, but of setting up the arts in perfect independence to co-operate with Christianity in that work in which, whatever may be their quarrel with Christianity, they are her natural allies, namely, the work of stemming worldliness and fostering the higher life. In the recent discussion of the Sunday question it might be plainly observed how near the settlement of it was now felt to be, and it was also instructive to see in what confusion of words the opponents of the proposal took refuge.

Who now seriously argues that the Sunday is desecrated by attention to art and science? But it is strongly felt that the Sunday must not be abandoned to money-making, and an attempt was made to confuse the two things by pointing to the money that passes at the entrance to theatres and concert-rooms. Certainly, if art and science are not distinguishable from money-making, nothing will be gained by throwing open the Sunday to them, for it is precisely because they are antagonistic to the spirit of money-making, because they are wanted to fill the room which it vacates on Sunday, and prevent it from returning in tenfold force on Monday morning, that we call them in. We call them in aid to religion, or more properly as having themselves the nature of religion, and if they cannot be active on the Sunday without a little clinking of coin being heard, and an official here and there losing his Sunday freedom, the same is true of religion itself. A new church cannot be opened without increasing the amount of work done on Sunday, work for which money must be paid; and if it has nevertheless been found possible in the main to protect religion from being corrupted by the spirit of money-making, there is no reason why art and science should not be protected in the same way.

And as religion should share its day with art and science, so should it share its local vantage-ground and endowments. Hitherto it has done this in some degree. It has been the patron of primary educa-

tion; but it has not yet had the courage to hold out the hand unconditionally both to art and science, and give them, without encroaching on their independence, an introduction wherever it has penetrated itself.

We are all anxiously considering how we may better the condition of the working-class—whether for their own sakes, that they may get more out of their lives, or for the sake of the State, that it may be protected from the discontent that undermines it. What good thing can we give them? The suffrage? Increase of wages? Organization to protect them against capital? Or some share in the profits of capital? Or some share in the land? But all these benefits belong to the lower life. The utmost result of them will be more of that leisure, more of that spending-money which the public-house is always waiting to absorb. A much greater gift, rather the only gift worth the giving, would be the gift of new occupations, new pursuits belonging to the higher life. And when once we recognize, not faintly or fitfully, but with decision, that these pursuits are not exclusively what we have hitherto called religion, that they are not exclusively church-going, nor hymnody, nor listening to clerical oratory or philanthropic projects; but that they include the two grand pursuits of art and science, religions also in the strictest sense, surely the prospect of a redemption for poverty and labor grows more distinct before our eyes. It becomes more clear along what road we are to travel, and we perceive the meaning of certain indications which have recently been given us. We have been told of popular amusements in use among other nations, which have often the nature of art, and which make the English traveller blush for the joyless life of labor in his own country; nay, when we have been told of the Ammergau mystery, it has flashed upon us that art itself may be born again, by being associated with labor, as much as labor by being inspired with art. And what is the moral of that story of the Scotch peasant-naturalist? Even if you cannot perceive that that eager study of nature is religion in its purest form, if it almost shocks you to hear it asserted that the object of his worship was actually the true God, still you can hardly help admitting that such worship belongs to the higher life, and is the true counter-charm of the public-house.

Nor is it only for the sake of a disguise under cover of which they may make their way into the Sunday that we would

represent art and science as having the nature of religion. It is quite as much because they will never be rightly cultivated until they are recognized as in some sort sabbatical pursuits. When the clerical party brand them as forms of money-making, they only take advantage of the corruption which has fallen upon them from being treated as secular. Here again we only follow plain indications which the history of art gives us. The work of Goethe and Schiller was principally directed to asserting a certain sacredness in art, and to rescuing it from the curse of commonness or vulgarity. So long as it is bandied about in the market, it does not perform its true function; it does not elevate. And is not this its fate among us? Who among us ever speaks of the elevating effect of art? It is a conception quite foreign to our minds. We think of art as amusing, or exciting, or thrilling, but not as elevating. And because we never question that it is a commodity to be bartered against other commodities, we make it up like other commodities for the market; and hence come works of the Dickens school, in which the most startling effects succeed each other without repose.

But will not religion, in the old sense, or at least will not Christianity disappear, when so much hitherto deemed secular throngs into the precincts which were sacred to it? Would not this enlargement of the idea of religion prove a step to the destruction of it? Religion larger would be also fainter, until it was lost to view. Does not the truly religious man resent the suggestion that there is any connection whatever between what he calls religion and science or art? Has not religion a warmth, antipathetic to the hard and cold grandeur of science? Has it not an awful solemnity still more alien to the frivolity of art? Yes; but the fact that Christian feeling has a quality which is all its own does not prevent it from having another quality which it shares with science and art. Christianity has, and always will have, a jealousy of both which tends to become hostility; nevertheless, it is one with them in its resistance to worldliness and to the dominion of the lower life. It would gain much by freely recognizing this affinity. In the first place, it would escape their attacks. Those negations of science which are now so terrible would be very much qualified, if not wholly explained away, if Christianity appeared as the zealous friend of science and the mediator between her and the people; and the half-concealed rebellion of art might be

appeased in the same way. But it would gain also a more solid advantage. There is much too sharp a contrast between the insipid vulgarity of an ordinary English life and the height of the moral sublime in the New Testament. The higher life cannot be taught by presenting only ideal examples, or supreme moments of it. It is not all rapture and devotion, but has its routine and its ordinary occupations. These are wanting in our English religion, just as in our English Sunday there is nothing between dulness and divine service. And this routine of the higher life should be furnished by science and art, that is, by pure contemplations into which self-interest does not enter, while admiration and curiosity, the lower forms of worship, are kept awake. Formed in such a routine, would men appreciate the New Testament less than they do? Is it not evident that some such preparation, some such use of happy and peaceful thoughts, is absolutely demanded of those who would enter into the Christian view of life?

But suppose the population on Sunday flocking into picture-galleries and museums, and concert-halls; suppose even plays performed, not indeed the vulgar burlesques or loose comedies that pleased the theatre in its unregenerate days, but such as a Christian *Æschylus* might write for a Christian Athens, is it not evident that the parson, with his commonplaces, would be left to preach to himself in the deserted church? If it were so, if the church and the parson held their ground by means so purely artificial, would there be any hope of protecting them, or would they be worth protecting? But the considerations here urged do not lead to the conclusion that art and science, because they have the nature of religion, ought to take the place of what has hitherto been called religion among us. This has been asserted over and over again, but the view here taken is different. There is another religion, which is neither art nor science, and which is more important to mankind than either, the region of morality, or of the human ideal, which in its historic form is Christianity. No rebellion would have arisen against this religion, still less would it have been possible to represent it as a womanish sentimentalism, if it had rested on its own merits, and not on the one hand turned art and science into enemies by trying to tyrannize over them; and on the other hand, suffered itself to fall into the hands of a profession. Give back to Christianity the elasticity and the modesty,

of which clericalism has robbed it, and it will appear again in its proper place, that is, the highest place among the religions which compose the higher life. But, as religion is larger than Christianity, even when Christianity is most justly conceived, so is the true Christianity far larger than the clerical perversion of it. If it is the religion of the human ideal, and of the human race, evidently the material of it must be all human history, and all the sciences that deal with man. It must not confine itself to a narrow strip of history, the chronicles of a single tribe, or to the narrow thought and science of that tribe. The founders of Christianity connected with their religion, at least, the whole history of the race to which they belonged. They drew no distinction between ecclesiastical and civil history. We, with our wider knowledge, should take not narrower, but still wider views. While we see in the origin of Christianity the highest point in the history of humanity, the simultaneous revelation of the ideal and of the race, we ought to reject no part of the history of humanity, nor to imagine that some of that history is sacred and some profane. In like manner, while we regard one type of humanity as the highest, we ought not to imagine that only one type is worth study or imitation. And when these narrownesses have been avoided, why should the preacher of Christianity fear to be dull? Why should he want topics, or dread the rivalry of art and science? The whole history of mankind is open to him; or, if such catholicity is beyond his conception, at any rate he has the whole history of Christian nations. In what sense can Jewish history be sacred in which the history of Christendom is profane? Teaching on the duties of men, illustrated by history, and connected with a grand consecutive view of the plan running through human history — why should we fear that men would turn a deaf ear to this? They would not do so if they could once rid themselves of the suspicion that the teacher is fettered, or but half sincere, or but half competent.

This view of the coming phase of religion is realistic, and therefore has its shadows. It exhibits religion not as a kind of sacred asylum from all the anxieties and almost all the activities of the mind; not as giving all that the intellect desires while it absolves the intellect from trouble — conclusions without reasoning, knowledge without investigation, and poetry without imagination; but only as an asylum from worldly and material cares. More than

this: it does not promise that religion will, in its next phase, render with any certain efficiency that service for which alone many have valued it. Religion may become less potent in consolation, and less able to inspire the hope of immortality into souls not naturally ardent. Those cold misgivings which hitherto have been thought incompatible with all religious beliefs, that there is, after all, nothing "behind the veil," will beset the religious as well as the worldly, as they seem to have done in Old Testament times. In that voyage towards a colder zone on which we are all bound, the story of some discoverable north-west passage will be less universally received, and some will affirm that no land, after all, is to be found about the pole, but only a sea of ancient ice. Is it possible, it will be said, that any religion worthy of the name can subsist amid such uncertainties? And yet religious faith and peace have lived on all this time in spite of an opinion about the future infinitely more appalling than that. Meanwhile, this very uncertainty about immortality, this very aversion of the religious life from the future, will lead to one good result, which perhaps could hardly have been attained by any less painful means. Religion will now, for the first time, fairly undertake that regeneration of the present life and of actual society which it always promised, yet always indefinitely postponed; and in doing so it will, as we have seen, reunite itself with those other inspiring influences from which it ought never to have been separated. Religion will once more be understood as the general name for all the worships or habitual admirations which compose the higher life. We shall no longer be told of high feelings which make men unselfish and pure-minded, and raise them above vulgar cares, but which, nevertheless, have nothing to do with religion. We shall no longer hear it said of some man of science, whose mind is possessed, beyond most men's, with the thought of the eternal laws by which the universe is governed, that "it is to be feared that he is an atheist," nor of some artist, whose heart is touched by a thousand sights which leave other men cold, that "he has no religion." All such high enthusiasms will be recognized as having the very essence of religion, and they will be prized the more rather than the less for appearing in the instinctive, inarticulate state. But of all such enthusiasms it will still be held that the highest and most precious is that which has man for its object, and which manifests itself

neither in works of art nor discoveries of science, but in emancipations, redemptions, reconciliations, and in a high ideal of duty; and this is the religion which bears the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

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MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

LATE one night a carefully-dressed elderly gentleman applied his latch-key to the door of a house in Bury Street, St. James's, and was about to enter without any great circumspection, when he was suddenly met by a white phantom, which threw him off his legs, and dashed outward into the street. The language that the elderly gentleman used, as he picked himself up, need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that the white phantom was the dog Oscar, who had been shut in a minute before by his master, and who now, after one or two preliminary dashes up and down the street, very soon perceived the tall figure of Macleod, and made joyfully after him. But Oscar knew that he had acted wrongly, and was ashamed to show himself; so he quietly slunk along at his master's heels. The consequence of this was that the few loiterers about beheld the very unusual spectacle of a tall young gentleman walking down Bury Street and into King Street, dressed in full Highland costume, and followed by a white and lemon collie. No other person going to the Caledonian fancy-dress ball was so attended.

Macleod made his way through the carriages, crossed the pavement, and entered the passage. Then he heard some scuffling behind, and he turned.

"Let alone my dog, you fellow!" said he, making a step forward, for the man had got hold of Oscar by the head, and was hauling him out.

"Is it your dog, sir?" said he.

Oscar himself answered by wrestling himself free, and taking refuge by his master's legs, though he still looked guilty.

"Yes, he is my dog; and a nice fix he has got me into," said Macleod, standing

aside to let the empress Maria Theresa pass by in her resplendent costume. "I suppose I must walk home with him again. Oscar, Oscar, how dare you?"

"If you please, sir," said a juvenile voice behind him, "if Mr. — will let me, I will take the dog. I know where to tie him up."

Macleod turned.

"*Cò an so?*" said he, looking down at the chubby-faced boy in the kilts, who had his pipes under his arm. "Don't you know the Gaelic?"

"I am only learning," said the young musician. "Will I take the dog, sir?"

"March along, then, *Phìobaire bhig!*" Macleod said. "He will follow me, if he will not follow you."

Little Piper turned aside into a large hall which had been transformed into a sort of waiting-room; and here Macleod found himself in the presence of a considerable number of children, half of them girls, half of them boys, all dressed in tartan, and seated on the forms along the walls. The children, who were half asleep at this time of the night, woke up with sudden interest at sight of the beautiful collie; and at the same moment Little Piper explained to the gentleman who was in charge of these young ones that the dog had to be tied up somewhere, and that a small adjoining room would answer that purpose. The proposal was most courteously entertained. Macleod, Mr. —, and Little Piper walked along to this side room, and there Oscar was properly secured.

"And I will get him some water, sir, if he wants it," said the boy in the kilts.

"Very well," Macleod said. "And I will give you my thanks for it; for that is all that a Highlander, and especially a piper, expects for a kindness. And I hope you will learn the Gaelic soon, my boy. And do you know '*Cumhadh na Cloinne*'? No, it is too difficult for you; but I think if I had the chanter between my fingers myself, I could let you hear '*Cumhadh na Cloinne*.'"

"I am sure John Maclean can play it," said the small piper.

"Who is he?"

The gentlemen in charge of the youngsters explained that John Maclean was the eldest of the juvenile pipers, five others of whom were in attendance.

"I think," said Macleod, "that I am coming down in a little time to make the acquaintance of your young pipers, if you will let me."

He passed up the broad staircase and

into the empty supper-room, from which a number of entrances showed him the strange scene being enacted in the larger hall. Who were these people who were moving to the sound of rapid music? A clown in a silken dress of many colors, with bells to his cap and wrists, stood at one of the doors. Macleod became his fellow-spectator of what was going forward. A beautiful Tyrolienne, in a dress of black, silver and velvet, with her yellow hair hanging in two plaits down her back, passed into the room, accompanied by Charles the First in a large wig and cloak; and the next moment they were whirling along in the waltz, coming into innumerable collisions with all the celebrated folk who ever lived in history. And who were these gentlemen in the scarlet collars and cuffs, who but for these adornments would have been in ordinary evening dress? he made bold to ask the friendly clown, who was staring in a pensive manner at the rushing couples.

"They call it the Windsor uniform," said the clown. "I think it mean. I sha'n't come in a fancy dress again, if stitching on a red collar will do."

At this moment the waltz came to an end, and the people began to walk up and down the spacious apartment. Macleod entered the throng to look about him. And soon he perceived, in one of the little stands at the side of the hall, the noble lady who had asked him to go to this assembly, and forthwith he made his way through the crowd to her. He was most graciously received.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Lady ——?" said he. "You know the children belonging to the charity; they are all below, and they are sitting doing nothing, and they are all very tired and half asleep. It is a shame to keep them there ——"

"But the prince hasn't come yet; and they must be marched round: they show that we are not making fools of ourselves for nothing."

A sharper person than Macleod might have got in a pretty compliment here; for this lady was charmingly dressed as Flora Macdonald; but he merely said,—

"Very well; perhaps it is necessary. But I think I can get them some amusement, if you will only keep the director of them, that is Mr. ——, out of the way. Now shall I send him to you? Will you talk to him?"

"What do you mean to do?"

"I want to give them a dance. Why should you have all the dancing up here?"

"Mind, I am not responsible. What shall I talk to him about?"

Macleod considered for a moment.

"Tell him that I will take the whole of the girls and boys to the Crystal Palace for a day, if it is permissible; and ask him what it will cost, and all about the arrangements."

"Seriously?"

"Yes. Why not? They can have a fine run in the grounds, and six pipers to play for them. I will ask them now whether they will go."

He left and went down-stairs. He had seen but few people in the hall above whom he knew. He was not fond of dancing, though he knew the elaborate variations of the reel. And here was a bit of practical amusement.

"Oh, Mr. ——," said he, with great seriousness, "I am desired by Lady —— to say that she would like to see you for a moment or two. She wishes to ask you some questions about your young people."

"The prince may come at any moment," said Mr. —— doubtfully.

"He won't be in such a hurry as all that, surely."

So the worthy man went up-stairs; and the moment he was gone Macleod shut the door.

"Now, you piper boys!" he called aloud, "get up and play us a reel. We are going to have a dance. You are all asleep, I believe. Come, girls, stand up. You that know the reel, you will keep to this end. Boys, come out. You that can dance a reel, come to this end; the others will soon pick it up. Now, piper boys, have you got the steam up? What can you give us, now? 'Mony-musk'? or the 'Marquis of Huntley's Fling'? or 'Miss Johnston'? Nay, stay a bit. Don't you know 'Mrs. Macleod of Raasay'?"

"Yes," "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," came from the six pipers, all standing in a row, with the drones over their shoulders and the chanters in their fingers.

"Very well, then — off you go! Now, boys and girls, are you all ready? Pipers, 'Mrs. Macleod of Raasay.'"

For a second there was a confused roaring on the long drones; then the shrill chanters broke clear away into the wild reel; and presently the boys and girls, who were at first laughingly shy and embarrassed, began to make such imitations of the reel figure which they had seen often enough, as led to a vast amount of scrambling and jollity, if it was not par-

ticularly accurate. The most timid of the young ones soon picked up courage. Here and there one of the older boys gave a whoop that would have done justice to a wedding dance in a Highland barn.

"Put your lungs into it, pipers!" Macleod cried out. "Well played, boys! You are fit to play before a prince!"

The round cheeks of the boys were red with their blowing; they tapped their toes on the ground as proudly as if every one of them was a MacCruimin; the wild noise in this big empty hall grew more furious than ever — when suddenly there was an awful silence. The pipers whipped the chanters from their mouths; the children, suddenly stopping in their merriment, cast one awestruck glance toward the door, and then slunk back to their seats. They had observed not only Mr. —, but also the prince himself. Macleod was left standing alone in the middle of the floor.

"Sir Keith Macleod?" said his Royal Highness, with a smile.

Macleod bowed low.

"Lady — told me what you were about. I thought we could have had a peep unobserved, or we should not have broken in on the romp of the children."

"I think your Royal Highness could make amends for that," said Macleod.

There was an inquiring glance.

"If your Royal Highness would ask some one to see that each of the children has an orange, and a tart, and a shilling, it would be some compensation to them for being kept up so late."

"I think that might be done," said the prince, as he turned to leave. "And I am glad to have made your acquaintance, although in —"

"In the character of a dancing master," said Macleod gravely.

After having once more visited Oscar, in the company of Phibaire bhig, Macleod went up again to the brilliantly-lit hall; and here he found that a further number of his friends had arrived. Among them was young Ogilvie, in the tartan of the Ninety-third Highlanders; and very smart indeed the boy-officer looked in his uniform. Mrs. Ross was here too; and she was busy in assisting to get up the Highland quadrille. When she asked Macleod if he would join in it, he answered by asking her to be his partner, as he would be ashamed to display his ignorance before an absolute stranger. Mrs. Ross most kindly undertook to pilot him through the not elaborate intricacies of

the dance; and they were fortunate in having the set made up entirely of their own friends.

Then the procession of the children took place; and the fantastically-dressed crowd formed a lane to let the homely-clad lads and lasses pass along, with the six small pipers proudly playing a march at their head.

He stopped the last of the children for a second.

"Have you got a tart, and an orange, and a shilling?"

"No, sir."

"I have got the word of a prince for it," he said to himself, as he went out of the room. "And they shall not go home with empty pockets."

As he was coming up the staircase again to the ball-room he was preceded by two figures that were calculated to attract any one's notice by the picturesqueness of their costume. The one stranger was apparently an old man, who was dressed in a Florentine costume of the fourteenth century — a cloak of sombre red, with a flat cap of black velvet, one long tail of which was thrown over the left shoulder, and hung down behind. A silver collar hung from his neck across his breast: other ornament there was none. His companion, however, drew all eyes toward her, as the two passed into the ball-room. She was dressed in imitation of Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire; and her symmetrical figure and well-poised head admirably suited the long-trained costume of blue satin, with its *fichu* of white muslin, the bold, coquettish hat and feathers, and the powdered puffs and curls that descended to her shoulders. She had a gay air with her, too. She bore her head proudly. The patches on her cheek seemed not half so black as the blackness of her eyes, so full of a dark, mischievous light were they; and the redness of the lips — a trifle artificial, no doubt — as she smiled seemed to add to the glittering whiteness of her teeth. The proud, laughing, gay coquette: no wonder all eyes were for a moment turned to her, in envy or in admiration.

Macleod, following these two, and finding that his old companion, the pensive clown in cap and bells, was still at his post of observation at the door, remained there also for a minute or two, and noticed that among the first to recognize the two strangers was young Ogilvie, who, with laughing surprise in his face, came

forward to shake hands with them. Then there was some further speech; the band began to play a gentle and melodious waltz; the middle of the room cleared somewhat; and presently her Grace of Devonshire was whirled away by the young Highland officer, her broad-brimmed hat rather overshadowing him, notwithstanding the pronounced colors of his plaid. Macleod could not help following this couple with his eyes whithersoever they went. In any part of the rapidly moving crowd he could always make out that one figure; and once or twice as they passed him it seemed to him that the brilliant beauty, with her powdered hair, and her flashing bright eyes, and her merry lips, regarded him for an instant; and then he could have imagined that in a by-gone century —

"Sir Keith Macleod, I think?"

The old gentleman with the grave and scholarly cap of black velvet and the long cloak of sober red held out his hand. The folds of the velvet hanging down from the cap rather shadowed his face; but all the same Macleod instantly recognized him—fixing the recognition by means of the gold spectacles.

"Mr. White?" said he.

"I am more disguised than you are," the old gentleman said, with a smile. "It is a foolish notion of my daughter's; but she would have me come."

His daughter! Macleod turned in a bewildered way to that gay crowd under the brilliant lights.

"Was that Miss White?" said he.

"The Duchess of Devonshire. Didn't you recognize her? I am afraid she will be very tired to-morrow; but she would come."

He caught sight of her again. That woman with the dark eyes full of fire, and the dashing air, and the audacious smile! He could have believed this old man to be mad. Or was he only the father of a witch, of an illusive *ignis fatuus*, of some mocking Ariel darting into a dozen shapes to make fools of the poor simple souls of earth?

"No," he stammered, "I—I did not recognize her. I thought the lady who came with you had intensely dark eyes."

"She is said to be very clever in making up," her father said, coolly and sententiously. "It is a part of her art that is not to be despised. It is quite as important as a gesture or a tone of voice in creating the illusion at which she aims. I do not know whether actresses, as a

rule, are careless about it, or only clumsy; but they rarely succeed in making their appearance homogeneous. A trifle too much here, a trifle too little there, and the illusion is spoiled. Then you see a painted woman—not the character she is presenting. Did you observe my daughter's eyebrows?"

"No, sir, I did not," said Macleod humbly.

"Here she comes. Look at them."

But how could he look at her eyebrows, or at any trick of making up, when the whole face, with its new excitement of color, its parted lips and lambent eyes, was throwing its fascination upon him? She came forward laughing, and yet with a certain shyness. He would fain have turned away.

The Highlanders are superstitious. Did he fear being bewitched? Or what was it that threw a certain coldness over his manner? The fact of her having danced with young Ogilvie? Or the ugly reference made by her father to her eyebrows? He had greatly admired this painted stranger when he thought she was a stranger; he seemed less to admire the artistic make-up of Miss Gertrude White.

The merry duchess, playing her part admirably, charmed all eyes but his; and yet she was so kind as to devote herself to her father and him, refusing invitations to dance, and chatting to them—with those brilliant lips smiling—about the various features of the gay scene before them. Macleod avoided looking at her face.

"What a bonny boy your friend Mr. Ogilvie is!" said she, glancing across the room.

He did not answer.

"But he does not look much of a soldier," she continued. "I don't think I should be afraid of him if I were a man."

He answered, somewhat distantly,—

"It is not safe to judge that way, especially of any one of Highland blood. If there is fighting in his blood, he will fight when the proper time comes. And we have a good Gaelic saying—it has a great deal of meaning in it, that saying, '*You do not know what sword is in the scabbard until it is drawn.*'"

"What did you say was the proverb?" she asked; and for a second her eyes met his; but she immediately withdrew them, startled by the cold austerity of his look.

"*'You do not know what sword is in the scabbard until it is drawn,'*" said he carelessly. "There is a good deal of meaning in it."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE GREAT FOURFOLD WATERFALL.

It has been said there are three supremely wonderful sights in India—the snowy Himalayan range, the marble vision of the Taj Mahal, and the mysterious sculptured halls of the Ellora caverns; the first earth's immeasurable altar raised by the forces that laid her foundations; the others the work of men's hands, guided by the deepest influences of humanity—sorrow for the dead, and awe of the unknown.

We dispute not the assertion. Many-peaked Olympus, with great Jove and his divinities, were but a footstool under the unapproachable thrones of Kailasa and Gangotri, on which gods older than the Olympians still hold their court and look down upon worshipping millions. Endless are the works of beauty inspired by the love of woman and mourning for its loss, but never from the depths of grief and tender memory arose elsewhere such an ideal of beauty and delicate symmetry as the snow-white structure that with sad and graceful dignity guards the dust of the Indian empress. Sublime is the cathedral soaring high and bearing the symbols of divine life over the dwellings and turmoil of men, with the sunshine piercing its dim aisles and disclosing the memorials of the past and presences that tell of eternity, but no daylight scatters the shadows of that Eastern temple in whose recesses, hewn from living rock, watch the giant gods of a faith, grey at the birth of Christianity, through whose shrines the mystic cry that once rang over the Ægean proclaiming the death of Pan and his brotherhood has not yet sounded.

Yet, granting the three great Indian wonders their places of preëminence, there is a fourth, but little lower, which all the world might be searched to parallel, where the beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of earth and water are concentrated and displayed in unsurpassable magnificence. This marvel is the Falls of Garsoppa, to which we will endeavor to conduct the reader.

On the western coast of India stands Honore, near the boundary between the Madras and Bombay presidencies. A wide river runs into the sea between cliffs of red laterite, which bending northward and southward from the mouth mark out the coast-line. Before the entrance of the river three or four lines of heavy rollers, incessantly rearing their white crests, swelling as they sweep on, and falling over

with a hollow roar, indicate the presence of a bar, to cross which safely the quaint Indian trading craft must carefully watch the flow of the tide. Less than a mile beyond, a high rocky islet, green with foliage and crowned with cocoa-trees, shelters innumerable pigeons, whence it takes its name. Inland, a wild, hilly country stretches eastward till closed by the great cloudy barrier of the Ghauts. It is a fair scene in early morning when the sun has just risen over the toothed outline of peaks, clefts, and ridges that crown the mountain rampart. On the red cliff overlooking the river stand the white bungalows of the European residents amid masses of dark-green foliage, and a lofty white pillar, raised by a native regiment to the memory of a general officer who died there, serves as a landmark conspicuous afar over the Indian Ocean. The native town lies inland out of sight buried in groves of cocoa-palms, its narrow busy bazar streets shaded by immense screens of woven leaves stretching from side to side high overhead, a protection alike against burning sun and monsoon showers. Three or four native vessels are dropping down the river, their vociferous crews anxious to cross the bar with the out-running tide, and from the fishing-village of leaf-huts on the strip of sandy beach a score of long narrow black boats have just shot out seaward for the day's toil. It is amazing to watch the hardihood and address of these sinewy fishermen. The flight of boats, with four or five men erect in each, swiftly approach the lines of formidable rollers, where larger vessels warily watch the moment and opportunity, and, never slackening in speed, charge and surmount the foaming waves in succession, often for a moment suspended with bow and stern clear in air on their crests, and then, speeding onward over the smooth expanse beyond, are soon seen like black specks dotted over the fishing-ground.

But we can stay no longer at Honore, once a station, though remote, as pleasant as it was pretty; a centre of administration, with judge's and collector's courts and much commercial activity; but now, through change and rearrangement of headquarters and the growth of rival ports, a decaying, forsaken place. We prepare for a pilgrimage to the wonder far up amongst the distant mountains, which the waters of the river at our feet have passed and are ever murmuring of. Two hours before sunset a large boat capable of carrying some twenty or thirty people

is brought up to the little wave-washed jetty under the cliff. On it we embark with attendants, coolies, and baggage, the broad red sail is set square against the sea-breeze blowing briskly up the river, and we sweep up the stream between wooded banks, by reedy, egret-haunted islets and sand-banks, on which alligators lie grim and log-like. There is but little sign of human life, only now and then a small boat is seen crossing with people, the only way of communication between villages sparingly scattered beyond either bank. Beholders are always struck by the varied and picturesque scenery of this river. Two and a half centuries ago a Roman knight, Pietro della Valle, travelled widely in the East. The account of his wanderings in the form of letters to a friend was thought worthy of translation into English,* and deservedly; it is full of close observation, accurate description and quaint remark. He passed down the western coast from Goa to Calicut, and wrote copious and entertaining details of all he saw. His eyes were open, in a manner unusual in that age, to natural beauties, and when on October 31, 1623, he ascended this very river to visit the court of a native prince above the Ghauts, no better idea of its course could be given than in the following extract:—

The three leagues of this journey was one of the most delightful passages that ever I made in my life, for the country on either side the River is very beautiful, not consisting of Plains that afford only an ordinary prospect, nor of towering Mountains, but of an unequal surface, Hills and Valleys, all green and delightful to the eye, clothed with thick and high Groves, and many times with fruit Trees, as Indian Nuts, Mango, Amber, and such like, all watered with innumerable Rivulets and Springs of fresh water: The sides of the River all shady, beset with Flowers, Herbs, and sundry Plants, which, like Ivy creeping about the Trees, and Indian reeds of excessive height (called by the country-people *Bambù*, and very thick along the banks), make the wood more verdant; through the middle whereof the River strays with sundry windings. In short, the River of Garsoppa, for a natural thing, without any artificial ornament of buildings or the like, is the goodliest River that ever I beheld.

Looking on the same unchanged scenes which the old traveller describes, we quite agree with his judgment. The sun now sinks and darkness comes on apace; the

rustle of the wind and gliding progress of the boat induce slumberousness, and an hour before midnight we find ourselves at the halting-place, as far as boats can go up the river, now little more than a stone's throw wide. Far round us in the jungle extend the ruins of the once royal city of Garsoppa, whence the falls we are about to visit derive their English appellation, not very appropriately, as they are twenty miles distant. It contained of old thousands of houses and seventy-four temples, in one only of which the image of a god still looks from his shrine over the surrounding desolation. Like many others in this part of India, the state of Garsoppa was once ruled by a woman under the prevailing law of inheritance in the female line; as our Roman traveller remarks, "These Gentiles having an opinion (as 'tis indeed) that the Issue by the Woman-side is much more sure of the blood and lineage of the Ancestors than that by the Man-side." However, this custom, though it may insure succession in one way, has its inconveniences, which are severely felt at present, as they must have been in past days. The last queen of Garsoppa fell in love with a stranger, to whom she resigned herself and all her power. In this there was nothing contrary to the existing law, but he so abused his position that the affairs of the kingdom fell into confusion, when a neighboring king, suddenly entering with a great force, took the queen prisoner, slew her paramour, and caused the whole town and palace to be destroyed, so that, as Della Valle reports, "that lately flourishing City is become nothing but a wood; trees being already grown above the ruins of the houses, and the place scarcely inhabited by four cottages of the Peasants."

At the landing-place a pony sent on a couple of days before is awaiting us. Attendants and coolies come on shore and assume their burdens. Three or four men bear on their heads huge bundles of primitive torches, each a long roll of cocoa-leaf midribs and fibres bound together, dry as tinder and extremely light; one will flame for ten minutes or more; then, as it burns out, another is plucked from the bundle and lighted, and so on. A ghaut road, not practicable for wheels, leads hence upward to the Mysore tableland, passing near the falls whither we are bound. Mounting the pony we proceed onward at a foot's pace, for all must accompany us, and the torch-bearers go in front, incessantly waving their torches to keep them alight. The road is not gen-

* The Travels of Sig. Pietro della Valle, a Noble Roman, into East India and Arabia Deserta; in Familiar Letters to his Friend Signor Mario Schipano. London, 1665.

erally steep, but winds with continual ascent amid the throng of ever-growing hills and along the upward-sloping valleys that lead into the heart of the great central plateau. For an hour we go on in deep darkness, the waving flickering torches only just showing the ground we tread, whilst before and behind darkness glooms like a wall. There is a great silence in the forest, only now and then the murmur of water sounds unwontedly distinct, but we see nothing of the scenery around. Let us then once again borrow a few lines from the old Italian traveller who ascended the same mountains by another pass, not to the falls of which he seems never to have heard, but to the court of the reigning Hindu king at Ikkeri. "Withal," he writes, "the Mountain is so watered with Rivulets and Fountains, and so clothed with Grass and Flowers, that, methought, I saw the most delightful place of the Apennine in Italy. If there be any difference, the Indian Mountain hath the advantage, because the height is much less than that of our Apennine—the ascent more easy, the woods more beautiful and thick, the waters not less musical and clear. If it yields to it in anything 'tis the frequency of inhabited places and the sumptuousness of buildings."

After for an hour or more threading our way through the palpable obscure, the sky in our front begins to brighten, and the trees fringing the heights become more and more visible against it. Presently the gibbous moon comes suddenly up over a long ridge, and, mounting higher and higher, begins to search out and disclose the mountain recesses. Whilst the feet of the long slopes are shrouded in deep blackness, their thickly wooded, many-folded sides are steeped in silvery sheen, tracts of light alternating with depths of inky gloom. The road we follow sometimes passes through clear moonlight and then plunges into ebon shadow. As we mount from the lower valleys the silence of the hills is sometimes broken. Strange sounds burst upon the ear. Now a deep sigh seems to rise up, and anon a sharp call rings out, and now and then a rustle betrays the neighborhood of a furry denizen of the woods. Once or twice a great owl comes sweeping noiselessly along, and on seeing us swerves aside with a startling whoop. After proceeding thus for some ten miles we halt at an open spot where a runlet crosses the road. The men put down their loads, quickly kindle a fire of sticks, sit round it, and pull out their frugal viaticum—a handful of cold boiled

rice tied up in a corner of the waist-cloth. The moon is now riding high, and through a long vista we catch a glimpse of the low country, a spark of light glimmering here and there, the dusky sea-line and the moonshine on the watery waste beyond. Soon resuming march for eight or nine miles, the air perceptibly grows keener and the overarching trees larger and more umbrageous. At length we arrive before a long, low building; it is still an hour to daybreak, a white wet mist fills the air, and a strange muffled roar, now swelling now sinking, but sounding remote as though from depths immeasurable, strikes upon the ear.

But we are tired and drowsy, and entering the bungalow, and stretching ourselves on a cot, soon doze off. Suddenly awaking, we find it sunrise; volumes of mist are still wreathing and rolling past, and the strange far-off sound, like low subterranean thunder, continually swells or dies away. We are soon out in the dewy morning air. Nowhere, we think, all the earth over can there be a region more romantic and picturesque than this above the rim of the Ghauts—a land of hills, peaks, and ridges, stretching away in an ordered confusion, never rough, never monotonous, mantled with magnificent forests, of no single growth, but countless varied species, and the underwood fresh and graceful, thronged with beautiful plants and flowers. Amid these is spread a network of winding valleys, seldom very wide or deep, whose flat, fertile bottoms are covered with rice-plots, gardens, and orchards, amongst which may be discerned the frequent homestead, shaded by tall green fans of the plantain, and fruit-trees entwined with pepper-vines. These and the higher hilltops and grassy peaks are the only open spaces, the forest dominates everywhere else, and a few roads pierce its depths like long shadowy arcades.

Through this luxuriant country (on which the lean finger of famine, so killing, alas! on the wide regions eastward, can never heavily be laid) runs a broad, fair river, gathering the tribute of a thousand hills and springs, whose waters, except in the rains, find their way along its rocky bed in several streams. It winds on between banks fringed with trees and festoons of many-colored creepers, but showing no specially striking feature, till at one point, suddenly, with no warning slope or rapid, an appalling abyss opens across its course from bank to bank, and the whole great river disappears into this gulf.

Difficult it is to convey in words any picture of the stupendous scene. There is the river, some three hundred yards in width, flowing through soft woodland, its waters split into many glassy currents, gliding round worn boulders and islets, when instantly bed and banks are gone, and in their place are savage terrific walls of gaunt rock plunging to depths the eyes dare not look into, down which the shuddering waters fall at four points nearly equidistant on the irregular curve of the rim of the abyss.

These are the Falls of Garsoppa, not so famous as they should be, for nowhere the world throughout can there be another such vision.

From the lip of the precipice to the dark pools at its foot is an accurately measured distance of eight hundred and thirty feet, more than twice the height of the top of the cross that surmounts St. Paul's Cathedral, and down this prodigious descent pour the four cataracts, each arrayed in its own special robes of grandeur and beauty. First on the western side is the Great or Rajah Fall; a branch of the river runs over a projecting ledge, and nowhere touching the Titanic wall, which hollows in, descends in a stately unbroken column, gradually widening its shining skirts, into a black unfathomable pool eight hundred and thirty feet below. Imperially sublime the transfigured water passes with majestic calmness through the void in fold after fold of ermine whiteness spreading out its magnificence as it silently nears the end. The precipice runs backward, curving in an irregular bay, on whose farther side the next fall, named the Roarer, shoots slanting down a third of the height into a rocky basin that shoulders out, whence it boils out in a broad massive cataract, plunging five hundred feet into the same pool opposite its kingly neighbor. All the thunder and madness of the element are gathered in this writhing, headlong flood, and it is the voice of its fury that comes up from the abyss, like the roar and tumult of hurrying multitudes in the face of some great monarch moving to his doom. Leaving the bay, next on the general plane of the precipice comes the Rocket Fall, running impetuously over the brim and down the face of the stupendous wall, to which it only just clings with a broad band of glistening foam-white water, speeding in quick gushes incessantly darting out myriads of watery rockets and vaporous arrows, with which all its volume seems alive, and pouring clear at last in a dense shining curtain

into its own pool. Last and loveliest, La Dame Blanche glides down the grim colossal rampart in lapse after lapse of delicate lace-like veils, now blowing out in bright misty spray and again quickly gathering up the white folds, and so stealing downward with a whispering murmur, till gently sinking in a sparkling shower into a pool whose ink-black surface is hardly ruffled.

At a point a furlong or two below the falls, on the farther side of the mighty ravine that cleaves the mountains from their feet, a platform has been hewn in the rock whence the whole overpowering precipice and the four falls are disclosed from top to bottom: the eyes at once takes in the sublime column of the Great Fall, the wild tumultuous plunge of the Roarer, the impetuous gush and foam-sheaves of the Rocket, and the hesitating, tremulous beauty of La Dame Blanche. All round the world there can be nothing to match the sight. The opposite side of the profound ravine, which maintains a uniform width and depth as far as seen, rising in tree-crowned crests higher than the line of the falls, sinks in a perpendicular drop of stern grey walls for more than a thousand feet to the floor of the colossal chasm; only here and there a dark rent or stunted tree rooted in a crevice breaks the awful uniformity. On the side where we sit the slopes, densely forest-clad, descend with only less than precipitous steepness. Looking down the ravine, the gaunt rocky faces gradually disappear, and a majestic wooded mountain closes the view. But one cannot turn long from the sublime vision of the falls, and the long pillars of bright water — too long to be taken in at a glance, the eye must follow them — bathed in light, as the Indian sun darts its radiance to their feet. Small trees, patches of herbage and grassy shelves, kept fresh by the spray-rain, soften the front of the abyss about the Rocket and the White Lady; but gloomy, cavernous recesses, which no sunshine reaches, lie hid behind the Great Fall as it pours from its beetling rim. Above in the background the higher summits of the mountains lift green peaks and darkly wooded crests into mid-air, and at the bottom of the falls a sunbow, ever rising slowly higher as the sun's rays penetrate deeper, arches the dark pools with its beautiful soft splendor. In the morning it lies long and low, but ascends with the sun, and after noontide spans the ravine with a glorious lofty semicircle. Not much mist-cloud arises except where the Roarer hurls down its massive volume,

but the air is laden with moisture, and often flushes with brilliant colors, as blasts of wind below scatter for a moment the symmetry of the sunbow, and fling wider the shining robe of the Great Fall. No, there can be nothing comparable to it elsewhere. The Staubbach dropping its single smoke-like veil from as lofty a brow, and the enormous flood and breadth and massiveness of Niagara, far less in height, belong to a different order of sublimity. The many torrents of the Zambesi Falls descend but one hundred feet into a long narrow fissure, "a gigantic crack" only eighty feet across. One hears of marvellous cataracts among Norwegian hills and in Californian valleys, but nowhere else are all the wonders and enchantments of water in every aspect of grace and beauty, force, majesty, and terror, so gathered and set in such a frame of surpassing sublimity and awful grandeur amid all the magnificence of tropical mountain scenery.

On an overhanging brow near the ledge over which the stream of the Great Fall glides to its tremendous plunge there is a point called the Rajah's Chair, from some tradition that of old a rajah of that region would resort there and sit on the brink, absorbed by the spectacle. He must have been gifted with a steadiness of brain, no less than an appreciation of scenery, unusual with his race; for on this point few can stand or sit, or do more than lie prone on the breast and cautiously peer over. Even so, the brain reels and sickens. There is the fearful void between the eyes and the dark pools and rock-strewn bottom plumb down below, so far does the rocky rim hang over, and such is the terrific perpendicularity of the dreadful precipice; only here and there far below a jutting point or shelf gives a measure and makes the depth beyond seem still more interminable. Countless flocks of pigeons winging the midway air show, not so gross as beetles, but like swarms of flies. Large stones brought from the river-bed behind and thrown over, fall and fall, and seem to vanish into the lowest depths, but reverberations still continue to come up, and after expectation is wearied, a faint splash tells they have reached the pool. The true height of the falls had long been a debated point, not easy of solution. Lines let down the face of the abyss stuck on the way, and calculations of the time taken by falling stones were delusive; and the general estimate, naturally inclined to excess, was never less than one thousand feet. About twenty years ago, however, a party of officers from a government ship

employed in surveying the coast, visited the falls, bringing with them tackle and fathoming apparatus. They contrived to stretch a cable across the inward curve of the precipice above the cauldron into which the upper volume of the Roarer rushes, and slinging on to it a sort of bamboo cradle, which was then drawn out to the middle, let down a deep-sea line and lead to the pool beneath, and ascertained the exact depth from lip of precipice to pool to be eight hundred and thirty feet.

We now return to the vantage point on the farther side of the ravine, beyond whence all the grandeur and glory of the falls are sublimely displayed. One could well sit there the livelong day, but we will follow a narrow track that leads downward to the bottom of the gorge. Very steep and difficult it is, threading the declivity sometimes like a mere stony stairway, and twice or thrice descending slippery faces of rock by a rude ladder. Most of the distance the path passes through deep groves where the tree from which gamboge exudes and the large glossy leaves of the gutta-percha tree are conspicuous. Sometimes through the branches the eye catches the foamy gleam of the cataracts, which are more fully disclosed now and then when the path traverses a moist open space, where bright flowers and orchids stud the dripping shelves, and ferns, especially the curious *Paciliopteris terminans*, with its long, thin, poignard-shaped, terminal frond, grow thickly. Flights of brilliant butterflies haunt such spots, and the prolonged shrilling of the cicada rings from the surrounding trees. At length the path emerges at the bottom of the gorge, a wild and weird place, strewn with large rounded stones and boulders indescribably slippery from the perpetual spray; the gigantic precipices so closely hemming it in on three sides seem to shut it out from the upper world. Slowly and cautiously we make our way over the perilous slime-covered stones towards the pools that receive the cataracts. A sense of the remote eeriness of the spot, as though it were in some forlorn fairyland, grows over us as we approach the largest and longest of those gloomy waters. Almost one thinks to see a dragon, or some monstrous beast, couched upon the brim. At the farther end the Great Fall descends in a massive shower; the other end is shaken by the furious down-pour of the Roarer. More to the right the water of the Rocket Fall, alive with endless flights of foamy arrows and outdarting shafts of spray, spreads out in a broad curtain that

descends over a dark-browed cavern, level with its own pool, and farther on the naiad of the spot, hidden in glistening delicate films and vaporous folds, vanishes in a thick, bright rain. Slowly we wander along the edges of the profound basins, whence many streams running out soon unite and continue their course along the gorge, and pausing before each fall watch their wonderful descent and disappearance. Long streamers of moss and vivid green vegetation hang from the chinks and crannies of the eternally dripping walls, and in guarded nooks and under shelves, ferns, and strange plants and flowers, find root. Especially round the arch of the cavern behind the Rocket grow clusters of some bright red flower, inaccessible and unknown. Here and there a wild plantain or banana clings in a sheltered nook, stretching out its large coarse leaves and small hard clusters, the indigenous stock as the crab of the apple. Looking upward with head strained back, the long jagged rim of the stupendous precipice can be discerned at a bewildering height above, and the tops of the falls seem as though issuing from the sky. The dreadful downward descent cannot be grasped at once, and a sense of fear, feebleness, and oppression spreads over the brain, different, however, from the sickening thrill of dread that grows over the gazer-down from the rim above. Burke, in his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," observes: "I am apt to imagine that height is less grand than depth, and that we are more struck with looking down from a precipice than looking up at an object of equal height; but of that I am not so sure." Much depends on temperament. There are some who can stand upon the dizziest edge and look calmly down; but had the great statesman visited a scene like this, we think he would have decided that in the case of a really tremendous precipice there is a far fuller, deeper, and more unwonted pleasurable sensation in looking up to than down from it. In the latter case one is not so much struck as overwhelmed.

The floor of the abyss widens out in front of the falls, especially on the side of La Dame Blanche, but soon resumes its ordinary breadth as the river runs on between its colossal banks, and one of the wonders of the place is from a knoll above, on the side near the Great Fall, to look down on the stream pursuing its way along the bottom of the enormous chasm. Re-passing the dangerous stony space, we retreat to the shade where the abrupt declivity meets the floor. Long sitting there

alone, the spell of this enchanted spot grows over one more and more. Though seeming to be sunk far aloof from the winds above and the influences of the upper sky, the air around is as full of mystic noises as Prospero's isle. Even when all is still, and the leaves hanging motionless, the voices of the falling waters continually change, sometimes almost dying away, then rising in strange tones of far-off lamentation or sudden triumph; and at times, when the atmosphere is stillest, fierce blasts seem to go by far overhead with a long, wailing sigh or unearthly shriek, and the arch of the sunbow and white skirts of the Great Fall are scattered for a moment in iris-tinted fragments, whilst the gulf is filled with moans and weird sounds echoing from steep to steep. The falling waters and long, deep, trough-like ravine doubtless influence the currents of air, but the effect is strange and startling. It is such a fastness as the gods of a dying religion might retreat to from their neglected shrines and temples, and gather to bewail and await the announcement of their final doom. And indeed while watching there in that sunny stillness, broken only by the mystic voices of the air and waters, the forms of the old gods of India almost seem to float and soar amid the rolling clouds of spray and sun-colored wreaths of mist. Siva, Vishnu, and their train, many-armed and monstrous, arrayed in jewel-like splendor, gleam for a moment, and vanish in the dim recess beyond the sunbow, and suddenly a fierce rushing, as of harpies on the wing, is heard overhead.

Whilst thus dreaming, the rustle of a light approach along the downward path strikes upon the ear, and presently a man emerges from the bushes and advances over the slippery stones. A Hindu, old and gaunt, wrapped in an orange-colored cloth, and his forehead white with ashes. In his hand he carries a long staff, polished like glass with use. We perceive that he is of the Jāngām or Vīra Saiva sect, a follower of the great saint Bāsāva, an incarnation of Siva. He perceives us not where we sit aside under the overhanging foliage, and stepping, with bare feet, surely and lightly along, he seats himself, drawn together Eastern fashion, on a small sand-bank in the open sunshine.

Seven centuries ago, when Brahmanical ascendancy and pretensions—the most crushing and tyrannical system of priestly domination the world has ever known—were strongest and most unquestioned,

Basava was born, the son of a Brahman in a village of Belgaum, in the southern Mahratta country, upon the western coast. When a boy, it is said, he refused to wear the Brahmanical thread, because the right of assuming it, requiring the adoration of the sun, involved an act of idolatry. Perhaps he did assume, but afterwards renounced it: there was some rebellion against the orthodox creed, and whilst still young he fled to the capital of the Carnataca country, where the reigning prince was a Jaina by religion, and his minister related to Basava. The minister gave the young man employment, and at his death, Basava succeeded to his office, and in time attained great power. Here it seems probable that after comparing the rival creeds of Jainas and Brahmans, and perceiving that both were idolatrous, he resolved to reject them both and worship only Siva, conceived as the one Supreme Being, God and Father of all. No Puritan or Quaker of the old stamp could have gone to work in a more root-and-branch style. He resolutely set himself against the Brahmanical priesthood and principles, and especially their exclusive hierarchial pretensions, renouncing the divine authority of the Vedas, Ramayuna, and Bhagavat Gita on which they are founded, and teaching that all men are equal by birth, and holy in proportion as they are temples of the Great Spirit.

He prohibited the superstitious rites of purification and the tedious funeral ceremonies, which are the burdens heavy and grievous to be borne of orthodox Hindu life, and tenaciously enforced by the Brahmans. Whilst they worship multitudes of gods and reverence the sun, rivers, cows, monkeys, and many animals, Basava declared there is but one God — Sāda-Siva — the ever blessed, a benevolent, gentle deity, somewhat resembling Saturnus, and with nothing but name in common with the Jupiter Siva of the Brahmans, represented always as an austere destroyer. Together with caste, he moreover renounced all Brahmanical observances and distinctions, fasts and feasts, penances and pilgrimages. The emblem of deity adopted by Basava was the Lingam, the most ancient symbol known to the Hindus, and in their minds totally separate from any obscene association. In Saiva Brahman temples it is called Sthāvara Lingam, the fixed or stable image, and to move it would be a great sin; but Basava called it Jāṅgama Lingam, the moving or peripatetic image, a Vedic phrase used for a living being, and ordered it to be carried about by all his

disciples as part of themselves; hence they are called Jangams, or living images of the deity, much in St. Paul's sense of a living sacrifice. Tiny images of it, the size of a pea, are inclosed in a small silver case or reliquary, and carried suspended on the breast by a string round the neck. Every Jangam is known by this badge. It can never be laid aside, or taken away, or permanently lost, for it is looked upon as part of the body; and should it ever be accidentally lost, the sufferer's friends fast and pray with him till it reappears in his hand, "descending through the air like a bee." This miracle they strongly affirm has repeatedly occurred, and they even declare that were it known to fail their faith would perish. In social matters the Jangams manifest the same determined opposition to all traditional orthodox observances. By the Brahmans women are regarded with complete contempt, and widows are excluded from society, but the followers of Basava alone amongst Hindus, holding marriage not obligatory, behave with consideration and delicacy towards women, and treat widows with kindness and respect. Their heads are not shaved, and they may marry again. Amongst the Jangams a woman of piety is listened to as reverently as a man, and they accept and return the salutation of women equally as of men, observing that an insult to a woman would be an insult to the image of the deity which she wears, whilst it never even occurs to other Hindus to treat women with civility. Men and women eat together, and bless their meals in the name of their god, *after* which they consider the food holy, and are bound to eat it; it cannot then be defiled by the glance or touch of any person. Eating is expressly termed *śivapuja*, or worship; for the Jangams think with Jeremy Taylor, that "God esteems it a part of his service if we eat or drink; so it be temperately." Their literature is extensive and of high value, distinguished for moderation and purity, and free from the extravagance and abominable filth that characterize Brahmanical writings. They declare the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as distinctly as any modern thinkers, and differ remarkably from other Hindus with regard to a future state, affirming that they will suffer for themselves according as they have done good or evil. Other men are liable to transmigration, but not they who have been brought into the faith. They depart either to heaven or hell, and that state is eternal. Basava's resolute

rejection of the established creeds and customs of course raised hosts of enemies; a civil war ensued, in which the prince, his patron, was slain, and this event was soon followed by the death of Basava, who, according to his followers, was "absorbed into the image," or vanished, a significant expression which may cover much. This was coeval with the murder of Thomas à Becket. At the present day the Jangams are very numerous in the Canara and Mahratta countries, and in Mysore and Berar. Several of the petty rajahs of those regions have belonged to them, as is still the case. Pietro della Valle, the first European who mentions them, reports that the king to whose court we have seen him journeying was a "Giangama." As now seen, they are a peaceable race of Hindu puritans, boasting that none of their number are found in courts of justice, where the common Hindu oath would be regarded by them as a crime; and, firm in their faith, boasting also that conversions to Christianity or Mahommedanism are unknown amongst them.*

In Europe the Hindus are regarded as beyond other races bigoted, fettered by caste, and immovable in their religion and customs; but there can be no more striking instance of the revolt of intellect and conscience against idolatry, superstition, and priestly domination than that achieved by Basava, himself the son of a Brahman, "twice born," at an epoch when the sway of his caste was firmest. Again, three centuries later in Bengal, where Brahmanical tyranny was most rigid and supreme over all relations of life and society, Chaitanya, born in the same year with Luther, flung caste to the winds, renounced the priesthood, proclaimed the sufficiency of simple and absolute faith without works, observances, or ceremonial, and died with four millions of followers, a number now believed to be doubled. In truth, Europe has lagged behind India in the sphere of moral and religious insurrection. The Jaina and Buddhist systems, older than Christianity, are instances on the largest scale of triumphs over hierarchical pretensions; triumphs, moreover, continuing through centuries, extending over vast regions, accepted by ruling dynasties, and associated with high civilization, magnificent architecture, and excellent morality. But

India also markedly exemplifies how the indestructible human tendency towards sacerdotal direction, authority, and ritual reasserts itself, however slowly, and bears them again to dominion. The Brahman and his power long seemed near extinction; he is now supreme, and his rivals have faded from the land of their origin, and those who still defy him are in comparison but a few scattered dissenters.

Meanwhile, the man whose appearance has recalled these recollections of the history of his creed remains seated motionless on the sand-bank with eyes fixed upon the glorious scene before him. We can hardly conjecture what thoughts are passing through his mind; Hindus are little open to the impressions of natural scenery, and that sympathy with it, when cataracts, rocks, and mountains haunt like a passion, seems wholly alien to their nature; it is rare indeed in any race. Still this is a point on which the European mind hardly understands and fathoms the Hindu enough to form a judgment. Ideas and ways of thinking are so essentially different that something of the same result may be arrived at under very different forms and by very different paths. Indian poetry is far from destitute of the recognition of natural objects and beauties, but generally in subordination to some shrine or god, and introduced in a mechanical sort of way. Every poem, they think, ought to contain descriptions of the seasons, streams, love, morning and evening, etc., in certain formal proportions. But a sense of natural beauty shows itself in them in many ways—their love of flowers, the picturesque sites of their temples, and their veneration of streams and waterfalls, so grateful in a burning land. An educated and reflective man of a sect like the Jangams, whose mind has not been stuffed from childhood with absurd Brahmanical stories and notions of manifold gods and superstitions, may well be open to higher influences, and even be touched with that sublime sense "of something far more deeply interfused" in nature. Presently the man we have been watching rises, and holding in his hand the emblem of his faith suspended on his breast, repeats in a loud emphatic voice, as Hindus always use to do when reciting or reading to themselves, some verses in which we can distinguish the majestic march of a Sanskrit hymn or prayer, composed by the celebrated sage Agastya, and adopted by the Jangams as their *credo* and confession of faith, continually in their mouths, and prefixed as a motto to

* In the foregoing account the writer has been largely indebted to a learned "Essay on the Creed and Customs of the Jangams," by C. P. Brown, M.C.S. Madras, 1840.

their religious books. It runs thus, closely rendered line for line :—

The Being endless, Giver of goodness, Image
of wisdom, whom pain and grief
Never can reach ; the Sky His emblem, whose
names are countless, and Truth the
chief.
The One, everlasting, stainless, steadfast ; who
knows all secrets, Himself unknown.
Passionless ever, of perfect justice, — Him do
I worship, and Him alone.

He who sits at the foot of the World-Tree, on
the devout who before Him fall
Understanding and strength bestowing. Lord
of the Universe, Teacher of all,
Embodied Glory of grace and mercy ; Him I
salute and adore, for He
From the burden of life and the bonds of
death alone can deliver and set us free !

Scooping up water in his hand and drinking, he draws his cloth round him, and passing with long light steps over the slippery stones disappears on the upward path without having noticed us screened behind some bushes. After a time, and once again advancing to the brim of the dark pools and contemplating the wondrously lovely lapse and vanishing of the waterfalls in their bosom, we too address ourselves to the ascent, which shod feet and limbs less light and spare make far longer and more toilsome than to the ascetic who has gone before.

We do not neglect after moon-rise to resort to the wooded knoll above the Great Fall. Even the full moon at her midmost height cannot reach the lower depths of the gulf, or touch more than half of the mighty precipice, which from its overhanging and inwardly retreating character is mostly shrouded in gloom ; only here and there a craggy point, outswelling slope, or rugged projecting brow catches the light and gives hint of the vast wall behind. The four falls descend into the abyss like huge columns of shining silver, writhing and quivering in the moonbeams, till suddenly swallowed and lost in the blackness of darkness. It is a weird and sublime sight, almost more impressive than the stupendous daylight vision. The voices of the water seem to change their tones, and a long lament, mingled with strange gusty sounds and cries as of struggling winds, rises fitfully up, laden with the intimation of appalling depths. By night too the spray clouds over the pools, which seldom mount high during the day, creep upwards in long spectral wreaths, and at dawn may be seen lifting their pale locks and brows over the brim of the abyss, but

soon sink back and vanish as the sun mounts up.

Few travellers have visited the spot during the rainy season. At the height of the monsoon the whole forest country is a dripping, weltering wilderness, streamlets and threads of water become torrents, and roads are everywhere blocked up by floods and fallen trees. Movement and business are suspended, and the inhabitants almost as much confined to their homesteads as Arctic dwellers by the polar winter. Then the river, a wide furious flood, unbroken from bank to bank, rolls over the precipice in one tremendous torrent. The force and thunder must be overwhelming and sublime, but nothing can be seen — nothing of the precipice, of the gorge below or the river bed above ; all are veiled by the enormous mist-clouds which fill the ravine and chasm, and roll in prodigious volumes far up the valley, ascending above the trees and bordering hills, and burying everything in a blank uniform grey. All is as much lost to view as a mountain prospect involved in clouds, and these clouds neither lift nor disperse whilst the monsoon lasts.

In this luxuriant region there are many marvellous spots ; let us finally leave it with a glance at another wonder of nature, even stranger than the falls, and more difficult to convey an idea of by words. Some fifteen or twenty miles northward in the same continuous forest country are the Yêni, or Ladder Rocks, difficult to reach and seldom visited. In a rather low-lying undulating tract, in the heart of the jungle, where trees are broadest and undergrowth thickest, the visitor, long guided through labyrinths of narrow paths, often retarded by thorny bushes and the sharp hooks of rattan trailers, sometimes wading across swamps swarming with nimble leeches, and now and then over the paddy-plots of a lonely homestead, at length sees with surprise strange rocky shapes shooting abruptly above the trees, as cathedral towers rise over woodland. Previously for a long distance no rock has been encountered, the outlines of the country being low and rounded, but now advancing from between wooded eminences two extraordinary objects strike the eye, standing across an open space on either side the entrance of a narrow glen. Not columns or obelisks, not pinnacles or towers, yet unlike any of nature's freaks in rock or stone. Two great piles of rock rise abruptly some four hundred feet above the jungle that closely surrounds them. Huge, and of no describable out-

line at base, their shape, if shape it can be called, changes continually as they rise, square, rounded, many-sided, breaking out everywhere in overhanging ledges, sharp points and elbows, jagged edges, twisted pendants, and ending in wild irregular spires and turrets. No other rocks are near; they stand clear, sooty-black in color, for iron enters into their texture, which is hard crystalline limestone, grey at the fracture, but blackening on the surface. No more rocks of the kind are known in that part of the country; at this spot only they and their fellows seem to have been thrust up from the bowels of the earth. The narrow glen, between two hundred and three hundred yards in length, is bordered by a succession of these fantastic shapes, not so large or high as the gigantic warders at the entrance. There is nothing of the pillared regularity of Staffa, or rather one might imagine one's-self moving through a *Walpurgis day*, made mysterious by the dim forest-shadows, past "giant-snouted crags" and rocks animated with monstrous life, or amid a throng of the enormous misshapen Afrits of Arabian romance, or a revel of huge lumpish giants turned into stone by some potent magician or Merlin spell. The little glen widens at the end into a sort of amphitheatre, in which stands a pair of the most amazing and fantastic of these nightmare forms. On the right is a great towering mass rather suggesting in outline some vast megatherium, or one of the colossal brood of earth's younger days, its prodigious back covered with a close array of long sharp spines; the other, loftier and less bulky, rising in piles of dislocated angular masses, some poised and hanging on others, seamed with deeply overhanging brows shooting straight up in spires and pinnacles, and over them many-cornered shafts bearing ragged parapets, broken steps and buttresses, all mounting upward and ending in a long lean tooth. Could unlike conditions be compared, one might imagine a fleet of icebergs drifted from their Arctic birthplace into this tropical solitude, and transformed suddenly from white glittering ice into sable stone; the grotesque forms wrought by the magic ministry of frost would not be exceeded by the bizarre outlines of these sun-blackened Indian rocks, surrounded by no blue sea waves, but by the green billows of a forest wilderness. At the base of the great spined rock there are wide and lofty cavernous recesses, with rugged far-projecting eaves, in the hollows of which prodigious swarms of bees have, doubtless

for ages, held their stronghold, and, far above reach, filled them with an enormous wealth of Brobdingnagian combs, which hang down in rich waxen stalactites. The deep incessant hum of this innumerable commonwealth is audible at a considerable distance. The natives relate that two European officers once visited the spot, one of whom foolishly and wantonly fired into this formidable fortress, and was instantly attacked by clouds of the defenders, and died from their stings. Since then, they say, it is not safe for any one to go too near the swarming legions of the guarded city.

Such are some of the wonders and impressive sights embosomed in these Indian western wilds. The grand picture of the matchless fourfold falls can never fade from the inward vision of eyes that have looked upon them. At the bungalow hard by a book used to be kept in which visitors wrote their names, and often their impressions, for the most part not unworthy of the spot, for its influence had been too much for even British jocosity. Amongst them a bishop had recorded his thanks to God for having been permitted before death to behold so sublime and glorious a manifestation of the works of his hands, and a German artist wrote that an account of the falls had led him thither all the long journey from his own land, but that he held the toil to be well repaid. Such expressions are nothing exaggerated.

M. J. WALHOUSE.

From The Nineteenth Century.

AN OXFORD LECTURE.*

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

I AM sure that all in this audience who were present yesterday at Dr. Acland's earnest and impressive lecture must have felt how deeply I should be moved by his closing reference to the friendship begun in our undergraduate days; of which I will but say that, if it alone were all I owed to Oxford, the most gracious kindness of the Alma Mater would in that gift have been fulfilled to me.

But his affectionate words, in their very

* Left, at the editor's request, with only some absolutely needful clearing of unintelligible sentences, as it was written for free delivery. It was the last of a course of twelve given this autumn; refers partly to things already said, partly to drawings on the walls; and needs the reader's pardon throughout, for faults and abruptnesses incurable but by re-writing the whole as an essay instead of a lecture.

modesty, as if even standing on the defence of his profession, the noblest of human occupations! and of his science, the most wonderful and awful of human intelligences! showed me that I had yet not wholly made clear to you the exactly limited measure in which I have ventured to dispute the fitness of method of study now assigned to you in this university.

Of the dignity of physical science, and of the happiness of those who are devoted to it for the healing and the help of mankind, I never have meant to utter, and I do not think I *have* uttered, one irreverent word. But against the curiosity of science, leading us to call virtually nothing gained but what is new discovery, and to despise every use of our knowledge in its acquisition; of the insolence of science, in claiming for itself a separate function of that human mind which in its perfection is one and indivisible, in the image of its Creator; and of the perversion of science, in hoping to discover by the analysis of death what can only be discovered by the worship of life, — of these I have spoken, not only with sorrow, but with a fear which every day I perceive to be more surely grounded, that such labor, in effacing from within you the sense of the presence of God in the garden of the earth, may awaken within you the prevailing echo of the first voice of its destroyer, "*Ye shall be as gods.*"

To-day I have little enough time to conclude — none to review — what I have endeavored thus to say; but one instance, given me directly in conversation after lecture, by one of yourselves, will enable me to explain to you precisely what I *mean*.

After last lecture, in which you remember I challenged our physiologists to tell me how a bird flies, one of you, whose pardon, if he thinks it needful, I ask for this use of his most timely and illustrative statement, came to me, saying, "You know the way in which we are shown how a bird flies, is, that any one, a dove for instance, is given to us, plucked, and partly skinned, and incised at the insertion of the wing bone; and then, with a steel point, the ligament of the muscle at the shoulder is pulled up, and out, and made distinct from other ligaments, and we are told 'that is the way a bird flies,' and on that matter it is thought we have been told enough."

I say that this instance given me was timely; I will say more — in the choice of this particular bird, providential. Let me take, in their order, the two subjects of inquiry and instruction, which are indeed

offered to us in the aspect and form of that one living creature.

Of the splendor of your own true life, you are told, in the words which, to-day, let me call, as your Father did, words of inspiration, "Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, that is covered with silver wings and her feathers with gold." Of the manifold iris of color in the dove's plumage, watched carefully in sunshine as the bird moves, I cannot hope to give you any conception by words; but that it is the most exquisite, in the modesty of its light, and in the myriad mingling of its hue, of all plumage, I may partly prove to you in this one fact, that out of all studies of color, the one which I would desire most to place within your reach in these schools, is Turner's drawing of a dove, done when he was in happy youth at Farnley. But of the causes of this color, and of the peculiar subtlety in its iridescence, nothing is told you in any scientific book I have ever seen on ornithology.

Of the power of flight in these wings, and the tender purpose of their flight, you hear also in your Father's book. To the Church, flying from her enemies into desolate wilderness, there were indeed given two wings as of a great eagle. But the weary saint of God, looking forward to his home in calm of eternal peace, prays rather — "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then should I flee away, and be at rest." And of these wings, and this mind of hers, this is what reverent science should teach you: first, with what parting of plume, and what soft pressure and rhythmic beating of divided air, she reaches that miraculous swiftness of undubious motion, compared with which the tempest is slow, and the arrow uncertain; and secondly, what clue there is, visible, or conceivable to thought of man, by which, to her living conscience and errorless pointing of magnetic soul, her distant home is felt afar beyond the horizon, and the straight path, through concealing clouds, and over trackless lands, made plain to her desire, and her duty, by the finger of God.

And lastly, since in the tradition of the old covenant she was made the messenger of forgiveness to those eight souls saved through the baptism unto death, and in the gospel of the new covenant, under her image, was manifested the well-pleasing of God, in the fulfilment of all righteousness by his son in the baptism unto life, — surely alike all Christian people, old and young, should be taught to be gladdened by her sweet presence; and in every city and village in Christendom she

should have such home as in Venice she has had for ages, and be, among the sculptured marbles of the temple, the sweetest sculpture; and, fluttering at your children's feet, their never-angered friend. And surely also, therefore, of the thousand evidences which any carefully thoughtful person may see, not only of the ministration of good, but of the deceiving and deadly power of the evil angels, there is no one more distinct in its gratuitous and unreconcilable sin, than that this — of all the living creatures between earth and sky — should be the one chosen to amuse the apathy of our murderous idleness, with skill-less, effortless, merciless slaughter.

I pass to the direct subject on which I have to speak finally to-day; the reality of that ministration of the good angels, and of that real adversity of the principalities and powers of Satan, in which, without exception, all earnest Christians have believed, and the appearance of which, to the imagination of the greatest and holiest of them, has been the root, without exception, of all the greatest art produced by the human mind or hand in this world.

That you have at present no art properly so called in England at all — whether of painting, sculpture, or architecture* — I, for one, do not care. In midst of Scottish Lothians, in the days of Scott, there was, by how much less art, by so much purer life, than in the midst of Italy in the days of Raphael. But that you should have lost, not only the skill of art, but the simplicity of faith and life, all in one, and not only here deface your ancient streets by the ford of the waters of sacred learning, but also deface your ancient hills with guilt of mercenary desolation, driving their ancient shepherd life into exile, and diverting the waves of their streamlets into the cities which are the very centres of pollution, of avarice, and impiety: for this I *do* care, — for this you have blamed me for caring, instead of merely trying to teach you drawing. I have nevertheless yet done my best to show you what real drawing is; and must yet again bear your blame for trying to show you, through that, somewhat more.

I was asked, as we came out of chapel this morning, by one of the fellows of my college, to say a word to the undergraduates, about Thirlmere. His request, being that of a faithful friend, came to enforce on me the connection between this

form of spoliation of our native land of its running waters, and the gaining disbelief in the power of prayer over the distribution of the elements of our bread and water, in rain and sunshine, — seed-time and harvest. Respecting which, I must ask you to think with me to-day what is the meaning of the myth, if you call it so, of the great prophet of the Old Testament, who is to be again sent before the coming of the day of the Lord. For truly, you will find if that any part of your ancient faith be true, it is needful for every soul which is to take up its cross, with Christ, to be also first transfigured in the light of Christ, — talking with Moses and with Elias.

The contest of Moses is with the temporal servitude, of Elijah, with the spiritual servitude, of the people; and the war of Elijah is with their servitude essentially to two gods, Baal, or the sun-god, in whose hand they thought was their life, and Baalzebub, the fly-god, — of corruption, in whose hand they thought was the arbitration of death.

The entire contest is summed in the first assertion by Elijah of his authority, as the servant of God, over those elemental powers by which the heart of man, whether Jew or heathen, was filled with food and gladness.

And Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word."

Your modern philosophers have explained to you the absurdity of all that, you think? Of all the shallow follies of this age, that proclamation of the vanity of prayer for the sunshine and rain; and the cowardly equivocations, to meet it, of clergy who never in their lives really prayed for anything, I think, excel. Do these modern scientific gentlemen fancy that nobody, before they were born, knew the laws of cloud and storm, or that the mighty human souls of former ages, who every one of them lived and died by prayer, and in it, did not know that in every petition framed on their lips they were asking for what was not only fore-ordained, but just as probably *fore-done*? or that the mother pausing to pray before she opens the letter from Alma or Balaclava, does not know that already he is saved for whom she prays, or already lies festering in his shroud? The whole confidence and glory of prayer is in its appeal to a Father who knows our necessities before we ask, who knows our

* Of course this statement is merely a generalization of many made in the preceding lectures, the tenor of which any readers acquainted with my recent writings may easily conceive.

thoughts before they rise in our hearts, and whose decrees, as unalterable in the eternal future as in the eternal past, yet in the close verity of visible fact, bend, like reeds, before the fore-ordained and faithful prayers of his children.

Of Elijah's contest on Carmel with that sun-power in which, literally you again now are seeking your life, you know the story, however little you believe it. But of his contest with the death-power on the hill of Samaria, you read less frequently, and more doubtfully.

"Oh, thou Man of God, the King hath said, Come down. And Elijah answered and said, If I be a man of God, let fire come down from Heaven, and consume thee and thy fifty."

How monstrous, how revolting, cries your modern religionist, that a prophet of the Lord should invoke death on fifty men! And he sits himself, enjoying his muffin and *Times*, and contentedly allows the slaughter of fifty thousand men, so it be in the interests of England, and of his own stock on exchange.

But note Elijah's message. "Because thou hast sent to inquire of Baalzebub the god of Ekron, therefore thou shalt not go down from the bed on which thou art gone up, but shalt surely die."

"Because thou hast sent to inquire:" he had not sent to *pray* to the God of Ekron, only to *ask* of him. The priests of Baal *prayed* to Baal, but Ahaziah only *questions* the fly-god.

He does not pray, "Let me recover," but he asks, "*Shall* I recover of this disease?"

The scientific mind again, you perceive, — sanitary investigation; by oracle of the God of death. Whatever can be produced of disease, by flies, by aphides, by lice, by communication of corruption, shall not we moderns also wisely inquire, and so recover of our diseases?

All which may, for aught I know, be well; and when I hear of the vine disease or potato disease being stayed, will hope also that plague may be, or diphtheria, or aught else of human plague, by due sanitary measures.

In the mean time, I see that the common cleanliness of the earth and its water is despised, as if *it* were a plague; and after myself laboring for three years to purify and protect the source of the loveliest stream in the English midlands, the Wandle, I am finally beaten, because the road commissioners insist on carrying the road-washings into it, at its source. But that's nothing. Two years ago, I went, for the first time since early youth, to see

Scott's country by the shores of Yarrow, Teviot, and Gala waters. I will read you once again, though you well remember it, his description of one of those pools which you are about sanitarily to draw off into your engine boilers, and then I will tell you what I saw myself in that sacred country.

Of in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake;
Thou know'st it well, — nor fen nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.

And silence aids — though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stillly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath lain Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid,
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

What I saw myself, in that fair country, of which the sight remains with me, I will next tell you. I saw the Teviot oozing, not flowing, between its wooded banks, a mere sluggish injection, among the filthy stones, of poisonous pools of scum-covered ink; and in front of Jedburgh Abbey, where the foaming river used to dash round the sweet ruins as if the rod of Moses had freshly cleft the rock for it, bare and foul nakedness of its bed, the whole stream carried to work in the mills, the dry stones and crags of it festering unseemly in the evening sun, and the carcase of a sheep, brought down in the last flood, lying there in the midst of the children at their play, literal and ghastly symbol, in the sweetest pastoral country in the world, of the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

That is your symbol to-day, of the Lamb as it had been slain; and that the work of your prayerless science; the issues, these, of your enlightened teaching, and of all the toils and the deaths of the Covenanters on those barren hills, of the prophetic martyrs here in your

crossing streets, and of the highest, sincerest, simplest patriot of Catholic England, Sir Thomas More, within the walls of England's central Tower. So is ended, with prayer for the bread of this life, also the hope of the life that is to come. Yet I will take leave to show you the light of that hope, as it shone on, and guided, the children of the ages of faith.

Of that legend of St. Ursula which I read to you so lately, you remember, I doubt not, that the one great meaning is the victory of her faith over all fears of death. It is the laying down of all the joy, of all the hope, nay of all the love, of this life, in the eager apprehension of the rejoicing and the love of eternity. What truth there was in such faith I dare not say that I know; but what manner of human souls it made, you may for yourselves see. Here are enough brought to you, of the thoughts of a believing people.* This maid in her purity is no fable; this is a Venetian maid, as she was seen in the earthly dawn, and breathed on by the breeze of her native sea. And here she is in her womanhood, in her courage and perfect peace, waiting for her death.

I have sent for this drawing for you, from Sheffield, where it is to stay, they needing it more than you. It is the best of all that my friend did with me at Venice, for St. George, and with St. George's help and St. Ursula's. It shows you only a piece of the great picture of the martyrdom—nearly all have fallen around the maid, and she kneels, with her two servant princesses, waiting for her own death. Faithful behind their mistress, they wait with her,—not feebler, but less raised in thought, as less conceiving their immortal destiny; the one, a gentle girl, conceiving not in her quiet heart any horror of death, bows her fair head towards the earth, almost with a smile; the other, fearful lest her faith should for an instant fail, bursts into passion of prayer through burning tears. St. Ursula kneels, as daily she knelt, before the altar, giving herself up to God forever.

And so you see her, here in the days of childhood, and here in her sacred youth, and here, in her perfect womanhood, and here, borne to her grave.

Such creatures as these *have* lived—do live yet, thank God, in the faith of Christ.

You hear it openly said that this, their faith, was a foolish dream. Do you choose to find out whether it was or not? You

may if you will, but you can find it out in one way only.

Take the dilemma in perfect simplicity. Either Christianity is true or not. Let us suppose it first one, then the other, and see what follows.

Let it first be supposed untrue. Then rational investigation will in all probability discover that untruth; while, on the other hand, irrational submission to what we are told may lead us into any form of absurdity or insanity; and, as we read history, we shall find that this insanity has perverted, as in the Crusades, half the strength of Europe to its ruin, and been the source of manifold dissension and misery to society.

Start with the supposition that Christianity is untrue, much more, with the desire that it should be, and that is the conclusion at which you will certainly arrive.

But, on the other hand, let us suppose that it is, or may be, true. Then, in order to find out whether it is or not, we must attend to what it says of itself. And its first saying is an order to adopt a certain line of conduct. *Do* that first, and you shall know more. Its promise is of blessing and of teaching, more than tongue can utter, or mind conceive, if you choose to do this; and it refuses to teach or help you on any other terms than these.

You may think it strange that such a trial is required of you. Surely the evidences of our future state might have been granted on other terms—nay, a plain account might have been given, with all mystery explained away in the clearest language. *Then*, we should have believed at once!

Yes, but, as you see and hear, that, if it be our way, is not God's. He has chosen to grant knowledge of his truth to us on one condition and no other. If we refuse that condition, the rational evidence around us is all in proof of our death, and that proof is true, for God also tells us that in such refusal we shall die.

You see, therefore, that in either case, be Christianity true or false, death is demonstrably certain to us in refusing it. As philosophers, we can expect only death, and as unbelievers, we are condemned to it.

There is but one chance of life—in admitting so far the possibility of the Christian verity as to try it on its own terms. There is not the slightest possibility of finding out whether it be true or not, first.

"Show me a sign first and I will come," you say. "No," answers God. "Come first, then you shall see a sign."

* The references were to the series of drawings lately made, in Venice, for the Oxford and Sheffield schools, from the works of Carpaccio, by Mr. Fairfax Murray.

Hard, you think? You will find it is not so, on thinking more. For this, which you are commanded, is not a thing unreasonable in itself. So far from that, it is merely the wisest thing you could do for your own and for others' happiness, if there were no eternal truth to be discovered.

You are called simply to be the servant of Christ, and of other men for his sake; that is to say, to hold your life and all its faculties as a means of service to your fellows. All you have to do is to be sure it is the service you are doing them, and not the service you do yourself, which is uppermost in your minds.

Now you continually hear appeals to you made in a vague way, which you don't know how far you can follow. You shall not say that, to-day; I both can and will tell you what Christianity requires of you in simplest terms.

Read your Bible as you would any other book — with strictest criticism, frankly determining what you think beautiful, and what you think false or foolish. But be sure that you try accurately to understand it, and transfer its teaching to modern need by putting other names for those which have become superseded by time. For instance, in such a passage as that which follows and supports the "Lie not one to another" of Colossians iii. — "seeing that ye have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the spirit of him that created him, where" (meaning in that great creation where) "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." In applying that verse to the conduct and speech of modern policy, it falls nearly dead, because we suffer ourselves to remain under a vague impression — vague, but practically paralyzing, — that though it was very necessary to speak the truth in the countries of Scythians and Jews, there is no objection to any quantity of lying in managing the affairs of Christendom. But now merely substitute modern for ancient names, and see what a difference it will make in the force and appeal of the passage: "Lie not one to another, brethren, seeing that ye have put off the old man, with his deeds, and have put on the new man, which is renewed to knowledge," *εἰς ἐπίγνωσιν*, according to the knowledge of Him that created him, in that great creation where there is neither Englishman nor German, baptism nor want of baptism, Turk nor Russian, slave nor free, but Christ is all, and in all.

Read your Bible, then, making it the first morning business of your life to un-

derstand some piece of it clearly, and your daily business to obey of it all that you understand, beginning first with the most human and most dear obedience — to your father and mother. Doing all things as they would have you do, for the present: if they want you to be lawyers — be lawyers; if soldiers — soldiers; if to get on in the world — even to get money — do as they wish, and that cheerfully, after distinctly explaining to them in what points you wish otherwise. Theirs is for the present the voice of God to you.

But, at the same time, be quite clear about your own purpose, and the carrying out of that so far as under the conditions of your life you can. And any of you who are happy enough to have wise parents will find them contented in seeing you do as I now tell you.

First cultivate all your personal powers, not competitively, but patiently and usefully. You have no business to read in the long vacation. Come *here* to make scholars of yourselves, and go to the mountains or the sea to make men of yourselves. Give at least a month in each year to rough sailors' work and sea fishing. Don't lounge and flirt on the beach, but make yourselves good seamen. Then, on the mountains, go and help the shepherd at his work, the woodmen at theirs, and learn to know the hills by night and day. If you are staying in level country, learn to plough, and whatever else you can that is useful. Then here in Oxford, read to the utmost of your power, and practise singing, fencing, wrestling, and riding. No rifle practice, and no racing — boat or other. Leave the river quiet for the naturalist, the angler, and the weary student like me.

You may think all these matters of no consequence to your studies of art and divinity; and that I am merely crotchety and absurd. Well, that is the way the devil deceives you. It is not the sins which we *feel* sinful, by which he catches us; but the apparently healthy ones, — those which nevertheless waste the time, harden the heart, concentrate the passions on mean objects, and prevent the course of gentle and fruitful thought.

Having thus cultivated, in the time of your studentship, your powers truly to the utmost, then, in your manhood, be resolved they shall be spent in the true service of men — not in being ministered unto, but in ministering. Begin with the simplest of all ministries — breaking of bread to the poor. Think first of that, not of your own pride, learning, comfort, prospects in life: nay, not now, once come to manhood, may even the obedience to parents check

your own conscience of what is your Master's work. "Whoso loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me." Take the perfectly simple words of the judgment, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me:" but you must *do* it, not preach it. And you must not be resolved that it shall be done only in a gentlemanly manner. Your pride must be laid down as your avarice, and your fear. Whether as fishermen on the sea, ploughmen on the earth, laborers at the forge, or merchants at the shop-counter, you must break and distribute bread to the poor, set down in companies — for that also is literally told you — upon the green grass, not crushed in heaps under the pavement of cities. Take Christ at his literal word, and, so sure as his word is true, he will be known of you in breaking of bread. Refuse that servant's duty because it is plain, — seek either to serve God, or know him, in any other way, your service will become mockery of him, and your knowledge darkness. Every day your virtues will be used by the evil spirits to conceal, or to make respectable, national crime; every day your felicities will become baits for the iniquity of others; your heroisms, wreckers' beacons, betraying them to destruction; and before your own deceived eyes and wandering hearts every false meteor of knowledge will flash, and every perishing pleasure glow, to lure you into the gulf of your grave.

But obey the word in its simplicity, in wholeness of purpose and with serenity of sacrifice, like this of the Venetian maid's, and truly you shall receive sevenfold into your bosom in this present life, as in the world to come life everlasting. All your knowledge will become to you clear and sure, all your footsteps safe; in the present brightness of domestic life you will foretaste the joy of Paradise, and to your children's children bequeath, not only noble fame, but endless virtue. "He shall give his angels charge over you to keep you in all your ways; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

From The Spectator.

THE CRUELTY OF PECUNIARY CRIME.

WE entirely agree, though not always for the same reasons, with the correspondents who so frequently denounce the lenity of the magistrates towards those

found guilty of cruel crimes. The wife-beaters, the men who commit aggravated assaults almost equivalent to murders, and especially the criminals guilty of torture to children, are constantly let off with ludicrously inadequate sentences, sentences which in no degree help either to protect the feeble or to strengthen the conviction among the rougher classes that such offences are grave crimes. But we confess we are not equally in sympathy with a feeling which the same correspondents sometimes express, that crimes against property are punished far too severely. No doubt larcenies occasionally are so punished, and isolated cases of theft under strong temptation, but in the great majority of graver cases the magistrates, and especially the judges, are right in the severe sentences they inflict. There is, we are happy to say, an abhorrence of direct, brutal, physical cruelty growing up among us, which sometimes leads the enthusiastic to forget how terrible the effects of indirect cruelty may be, what tortures innocent persons may suffer from elaborate thefts, and how completely without moral excuse an educated thief, not pressed by hunger, must always be.

The regular lawyer's excuse for the severity of our laws against skilful forms of theft, such as embezzlement, forgery, and fraud, is well known, and is as far as it goes unanswerable. It is necessary to punish such crimes severely, because the motive which prompts them exists in almost all human beings, and the temptation to commit them is scattered all around. Speaking broadly, all men desire to get money. Nine-tenths of them, at least, would rather acquire it with a minimum of exertion. And a very large proportion of them, even though honest under the strong coercion of the law, or through the vigorous conscience which the law builds up, do not at heart care much whether they get it by fair or by unfair means. There are extraordinary shades of difference in the degree of unfairness to which men will consent — a swindler, for example, declining to rob his blind mother — but to some shade a vast number of very respectable persons would, as all experience shows, without the law descend. At the same time, the provocation to this crime is perpetual, so perpetual that special inducements would seem not to be needed at all. The murderer must have a cause for murdering, the brute must have a victim near, the ravisher needs opportunity, but the forger, or the swindler, or the cheat is always provoked and always ready. There is always property

to be obtained, and he is always wanting it. In the presence of a passion so general and so easily gratified, the law must be made strong, or society would go to pieces, one-half of it being tempted by impunity to prey perpetually upon the other. There would be perpetual social war, ending in a rapid destruction, not only of property, but of the desire to accumulate what it was so inordinately difficult to keep. Civilization would perish, as in some districts the practice of horticulture dies away, because exertion always ends when no tangible result of exertion can be obtained or preserved. This reason is unanswerable, and is always quoted by statesmen as sufficient answer to any plea for reducing the penalties on pecuniary crime, but it is not, as some writers of recent letters seem to fancy, the only justification for the laws. They forget or have never thought what a scoundrel an educated thief, whatever branch of thieving he pursues, must necessarily be. He, almost alone among criminals, must perform his crimes in cold blood. He must, whether he is forger, embezzler, or only cheat, plan his crime down to its smallest details, coolly, soberly, with deliberation and with all his faculties at their utmost stretch. A man cannot forge in a passion, or under terror, or when nearly blind with drink. He must carefully foresee the consequences of his act, must be careful to avoid all haste or passion, and must be utterly indifferent to any suffering he may inflict, however disproportionate to the gain to himself. The larger his operations the greater intellect they require, the more cool and composed must be his judgment, and the greater the amount of torment the innocent will suffer. The defaulting banker, the lawyer who bolts with his clients' money, the forger who ruins a firm, the embezzler who destroys a family, constantly inflicts as much suffering as the most violent of the brutes whom the magistrates, moved by some reasoning we have never been able to follow, so frequently let off with inadequate sentences. We abhor the brute who half murders his wife, but he is scarcely more cruel than the defaulter who deliberately does acts which send whole families previously decent and respectable to the workhouse or the asylum. We detest the brutal rough, but is he more brutal than the agent who quietly swindles an aged clergyman out of his all, and sends him to die, and his children to live as paupers upon public charity? We are all agreed to hang the murderer, but is he so much worse than the man—we have known the case—who

for years deliberately eats up old servants' savings, and leaves them, in dozens at a time, to suicide, starvation, or the Union? There is not a criminal lawyer in the country who does not know of cases where swindlers have destroyed whole families, have wrecked the happiness of dozens of persons, and have inflicted sufferings which in their long duration are as much worse than physical pain as misgovernment is worse than war, merely that they themselves might lead lives a little easier than they otherwise would have done. A fraudulent banker, a swindling attorney, a successful forger, scatters misery broadcast, misery as acute as any ever inflicted by the rough who kicks his wife half dead, or beats a casual passer-by into a long and dangerous illness. Take the old Anglo-Indian graduate—we know of such a case—who after forty years of most honorable labor returns to England with a competence, to be swindled in the first month out of the whole by a rascally agent, and left for another quarter of a century a poverty-stricken pensioner on the charity of a friend. Which suffered most, he or the murderer's victim? Charles Reade, the novelist, has not in the least overstrained his grimly humorous catalogue of some of the minor consequences which followed the fall of Hardie's bank, a fall produced by the banker's habitual theft of his clients' securities for purposes of speculation:—

Mr. Esgar, a respectable merchant, had heavy engagements, to meet which his money lay at the old bank. Living at a distance, he did not hear the news till near dinner-time, and he had promised to take his daughters to a ball that night. He did so, left them there, went home, packed up their clothes and valuables, and next day levanted with them to America, taking all the money he could scrape together in London, and so he passed his ruin on to others. Esgar was one of those who wear their honesty long, but loose; it was his first disloyal act in business. "Dishonesty made me dishonest," was his excuse. *Valeat quantum.*

John Shaw, a steady footman, had saved and saved, from twenty-one years old to thirty-eight, for "footman's paradise," a public-house. He was now engaged to a comely barmaid, who sympathized with him therein, and he had just concluded a bargain for the "Rose and Crown" in the suburbs. Unluckily—for him—the money had not been paid over. The blow fell; he lost his all,—not his money only, but his wasted life. He could not be twenty-one again, so he hanged himself within forty-eight hours, and was buried by the parish, grumbling a little, pitying none.

James and Peter Gilpin, William Scott, and Joel Paton were poor fishermen, and Anglo-

Saxon heroes,—that's heroes with an eye to the main chance; they risked their lives at sea to save a ship and get salvage; failing there, they risked their lives all the same, like fine fellows as they were, to save the crew. They succeeded, but ruined their old boat. A subscription was raised, and prospered so, that a boat-builder built them a new one on tick, price eighty-five pounds; and the publicans said, "Drink, boys, drink, the subscription will cover all; it is up to 120 already." The subscription-money was swallowed with the rest, and the Anglo-Saxon heroes hauled to prison.

Took to the national vice, and went to the national dogs, Thomas Fisher, a saving tinner, and a bachelor: so I expect no pity for him.

To the same goal, by the same road, dragging their families, went the Rev. Henry Scudamore, a curate; Philip Hall, a linen-draper; Neil Pratt, a shoemaker; Simon Harris, a greengrocer; and a few more; but the above were all prudent, laborious men, who took a friendly glass, but seldom exceeded, until Hardie's bankruptcy drove them to the devil of drink for comfort.

Turned professional thief, Joseph Locke, working locksmith, who had just saved money enough to buy a shop and good-will, and now lost it every penny.

Turned atheist, and burnt the family Bible before his weeping wife and terrified children and gaping servant-girl, Mr. Williams, a Sunday-school teacher, known hitherto only as a mild, respectable man, a teetotaler, and a good parent and husband. He did not take to drinking, but he did to cursing, and forebade his own flesh and blood ever to enter a church again. This man became an outcast, shunned by all.

Three elderly sisters, the Misses Lunley, well born and bred, lived together on their funds, which, small singly, united made a decent competence. Two of them had refused marriage in early life for fear the third should fall into less tender hands than theirs. For Miss Blanche Lunley was a cripple; disorder of the spine had robbed her of the power to walk or even stand upright, leaving her two active little hands, and a heart as nearly angelic as we are likely to see here on earth. [She died of pity for her sisters' fate.]

It is nonsense to say that a criminal of this kind does not foresee the consequences of his crimes. He knows what want of money means, for it is his dread of it which helps to indurate his own hard egotism. He knows his victim's affairs, for he could not otherwise rob him to advantage. And he foresees the suffering he must cause, or he would not take, as he constantly does, such elaborate precautions to avert or elude his victim's vengeance. Cruelty does not cease to be cruelty because it is of the callous instead of

the violent sort, nor is a thief better than a brute, because the thief would as lief rob one man as another, while the brute has usually one special victim. "Rely on it," said an experienced judge to the writer, "the worst men, as men, who come before me, the most cruel, the most base, the most hopeless of improvement are the professional swindlers, the men who make such good defences, and look so neat and clean. They are worse than professional gamblers, who are more cruel than almost any other men." There might be something of the horror of base crimes, as distinguished from the horror for violent crimes, about the speaker, an old and consistent Tory; but he was right to a degree which it is not well that society, even out of a philanthropic motive and for a passing moment, should forget.

From The Spectator.
THE EMOTIONS DUE TO CHRISTMAS BILLS.

IF the new doctrine of the rapid selection and sure inheritance of artificial emotions adapted to the peculiar circumstances of men's artificial life be true, we ought to be finding in our children, even in the youngest of them, a special susceptibility and irritability in relation to pecuniary obligation, engrafted on that pride of proprietorship with which they regard their Christmas gifts. If the setter puppy feels the impulse to set whenever that affection of his nerves which is due to the neighborhood of game is set up, even though he may be under no authority which is expecting and trying to confirm the operation of this tendency in him, why should we not see in our children, long before the time comes when they bend beneath the weight of housekeeping liabilities, and are oppressed by the accumulation of those yearly bills which their parents had ever believed in their souls, and proudly proclaimed with their lips, that they discharged punctually week by week, the tendency to shudder at the advent of those long blue lists of parental liabilities? Is it possible that the childish irritability which is usually ascribed to the cessation of the Christmas excitements, may really be due to the rudimentary consciousness of maturer responsibilities awakened by this onset of those ominous blue breakers, in which so many households' peace is wrecked? If this be not so, we suppose we must ascribe the absence of any tendency to the generation of this periodic

emotion, to the fact that new blood is constantly modifying the nervous system of class-organizations, and that the season which brings nothing but inadequately estimated obligations to one class, brings perhaps less inadequately estimated receipts to another. For of course, whenever a man whose ancestry have long been in the habit of suffering from the *melancholia Januariensis*,—that is, the despair and indignation with which they discover that after paying everything, as they supposed, weekly or quarterly, they have an innumerable number of exclusively yearly obligations also to discharge,—marries into the class which *reaps* its harvest at the time when his ancestors have been accustomed to be reaped rather than to reap, the chances are that the tendency to the formation of this specific emotion will be suddenly neutralized; and this perhaps suggests the true antidote for the dejection appropriate to the month now passing away. If we were but as capable as the positivists aspire to make us, of "altruistic" emotion, we should feel a specific joy whenever we pay a long bill, not merely in getting rid of the sense of obligation, but in regarding the feelings with which our creditor will pay in the cheque to his banker's, and contemplate the swelling of the credit account to which we have just contributed. And no doubt, if we could feel this as we ought, January would be a month of neutralized feeling on this head; the unpleasant surprise with which we discovered that we owed what we had quite forgotten, would be neutralized by the pleasurable surprise with which we discovered that we had to confer a pleasure of the opportunity of which we were ignorant; and the sense of discomfort with which we should contemplate the dwindling balance at our banker's, would be neutralized by the gratification with which we should think of the growth of our builders' or plumbers' credits at their bankers', and the satisfaction with which the chancellor of the exchequer would be watching the repletion of the treasury. To disinterestedness of this kind, however, few men can probably at present lay any claim, though the present writer does know a lady who was so shocked (sympathetically) at the smallness of one of her tradesmen's Christmas bills, that she bought something extra on purpose to swell the amount at the time she paid it. This, however, for most of us is a "counsel of perfection." And we suspect, therefore, that if the theory of the rapid growth of artificial emotions of this

kind be well founded, the intermarriage between families to which January brings large credits, and families to which it brings great payments, must be the explanation of our failure to observe any specific January melancholy apart from the pressure of individual claims.

Perhaps some one may say that the explanation is much simpler, that there is no tendency to the growth of a specific emotion of melancholy due to Christmas bills, because even in the class which has to pay in January, without any special January receipts, so many are equal to the emergency, that no surprise and indignation of the kind we have described are felt. But if there be a man or woman who really does foresee all the claims which will arise in this way, and finds only what was foreseen, we feel sure that such a person is too good, or at all events, too exceptional, to live, and could not expect to transmit his or her virtues to descendants. Professor Huxley says that if he could be offered the choice of always going right and being properly wound up, on condition he should become a machine, he would embrace the offer at once,—but then if he did, of course he would be the consummation of the race. There would be no need for repeating copies of a perfectly regulated machine, one specimen of which is even better than a hundred, because it would take up less space in a museum; and a man who really finds his Christmas bills come up precisely to his expectations, must be a calculating machine, neither more nor less.

Probably the pessimists have no case so strong for their theory that life is an evil so gilded by illusions as to look like a good, even up to the very end of it, as the perennial illusion with which men always say to themselves that *this* Christmas at least there will be nothing more than the ordinary quarter's bills to meet, since such and such a heavy expense which in former years has fallen due at Christmas, has this year not been incurred, or has been defrayed at the time. So we say every year, and every year brings more or less its heavy crop of hardy annuals, in which the place of any deficient expense to which we had lovingly referred in anticipation, is sure to be supplied by two or three others, probably greatly exceeding it in weight. The same thing happens every year, and yet every year again the same illusion returns, only to be once more severely dissipated. Surely here, if anywhere, is an impression for which no experience can account,—since it is wholly contrary to

experience, — yet so deep-rooted as to make it certain that it must be in some way advantageous to those who are under its spell, in their conflict for existence. While, then, the pessimist can boast of this constant illusion as one of the great verifications of his teaching that nature so gilds all her pills as to make them seem grateful before they are swallowed, the stern moralist who says that truth must always be the best, and that illusion, as such, can only lead us astray, must be sorely puzzled by this strange provision of nature to brace us by airy and baseless hopes for the stern onset of the Christmas bills. Of course, such a one will say that if we had but known the truth in all its blackness, — if we had really foreseen the sum-total of all such bills as January, nay, even February, brings us, early in December, we should have been better provided for grappling with them, since we should not have cast away so much in preparation for Christmas. But nature knows better than these pedantic adherents of the advantages of realism. The truth is that what we call moral vitality seems to mean a certain over-supply and redundancy of motive for all we do, whether in restraint of action or in stimulating it. Thus we save because we are in a mild panic as to our expenditure; and we spend because we are under some curious illusion as to the scope of our economies or savings. If we were never either over-frightened or over-bold, we should too often put off acting altogether till it was too late, and so lose half the lights and shadows of life, — that is, lose so much living. When are we so niggardly, so stony-hearted towards charities, so blankly indisposed to contrive pleasures for our children or nephews and nieces as in the month which follows the great carnival of the shopkeepers? We suspect that some of the best saving of the whole year will always be found to occur in February and March, just on account of the despair with which January has filled our hearts. And a visible augmentation in the severities of this mood has certainly followed Mr. Lowe's inhumane legislation, which piled the payment of income-tax on the head of all the other Christmas bills in this mid-“winter of our discontent.” Cunning philanthropists are now so well aware of this, that they would as soon apply for a fresh subscription or donation in the first month or two of the year, as they would call to ask a business man for assistance or advice just at the moment when he is opening his pile of worrying letters, and is

at least as fierce over them as a wild beast is over his meat. Sir Isaac Newton used to try to explain the bright little optical phenomenon called “Newton's rings,” by saying, if we remember rightly, that light had “easy fits of reflexion and transmission.” That would be an admirable phrase to express the periodic feeling of the middle class with regard to its money, except that just about the winter solstice the fits are rather too violent to be “easy.” That class has in the course of the ordinary year alternate fits of reflexion and transmission, but directly the rather spasmodic fit of transmission which marks mid-winter is passed, a fit of very deep and stern reflexion ensues, which is no “easier” than its immediate predecessor, and in the immediate results of that fit a good deal of the saving of the year is done.

And after all, as the severity of the frost gives a new beauty to the mild spring breezes which break it up, and turn all the rivers again into motion, who would care so much for the relaxation of economic principle which is discernible towards May, but for the contrast it presents to the stern rigidity of the previous months? We once heard a lady say it was no fun asking her husband for anything, because it was so easy to get it. She would value it more, if she knew what it was to fail in the matter. And that is the feeling of half the tradesmen, too. The first purchases into which they manage to seduce you after the Christmas bill is settled, are obviously to them the sweetest of all the year. It is not only that such purchases constitute the embryo of the new account, but that there is the consciousness of special tactics and strategy in the victory. They well know that their customers are making a great struggle to prolong the time of cancelled obligations in which the old account can be thought of as cleared off and no new one has yet been opened, and they are just as determined to shorten it as the customer is to lengthen it. Hence the sweetness of the unexpected victory. Call it illusion if you will, what would life be without the changes of light and shade which — if it be illusion — illusion makes? — the changes of mood which break its monotony and render us tolerable to ourselves, — the see-saw of interchanging obligations, — the overcharge of motive that makes both action and self-restraint alike a pleasure instead of an effort, — the mere mental exercise involved in a complete change of parts? After all, Christmas bills are not a pure evil, even to those who have to pay them.